

PDC

# CRIME

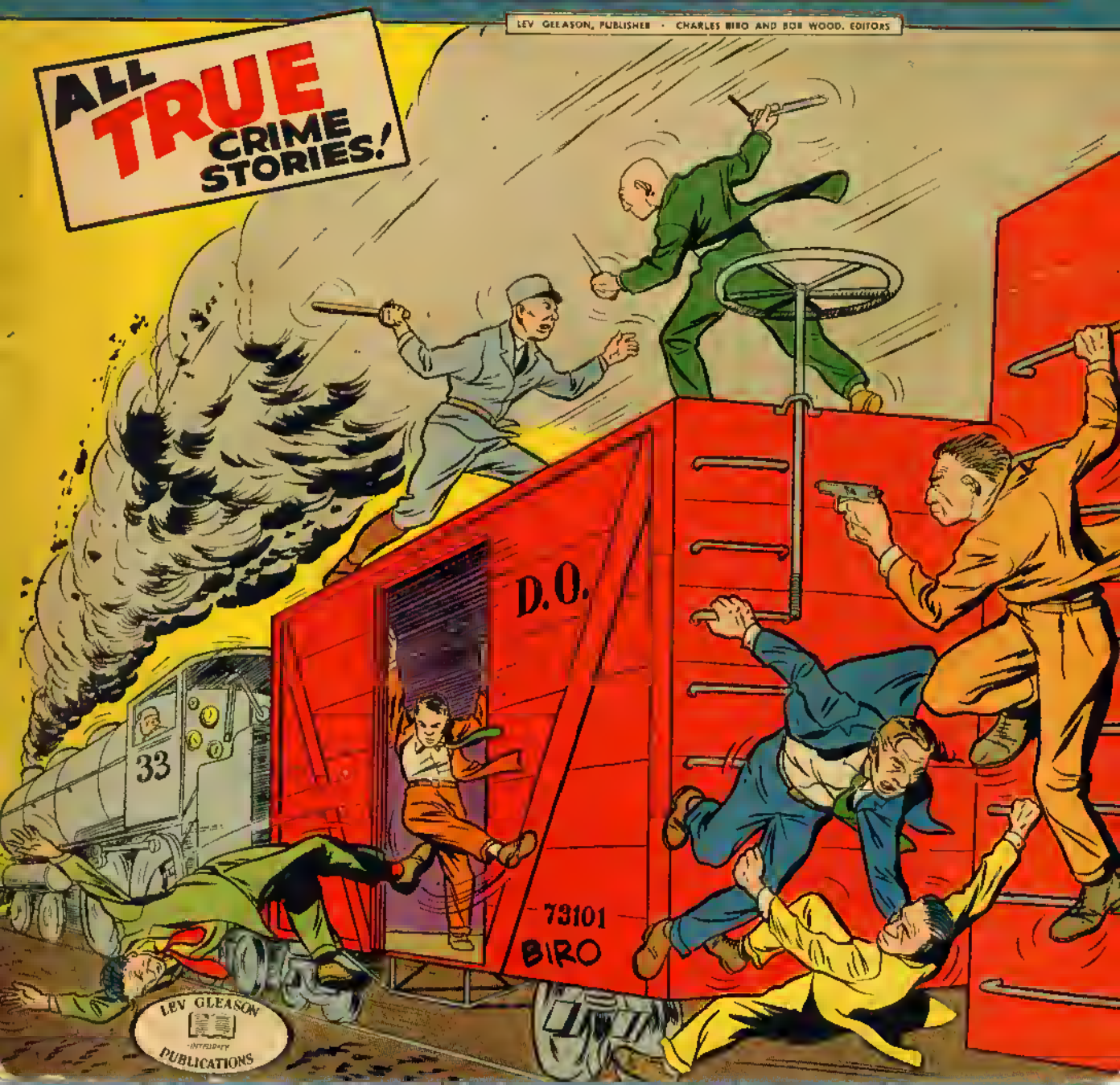
10¢

NO. 37

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL  
TRUE  
CRIME  
STORIES!**



LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# PUT THESE "REMINDER STAMPS" TO WORK HELPING YOU FIGHT WASTE IN YOUR HOME

THESE PICTURES OF FIGHTING  
EQUIPMENT ARE YOUR OFFICIAL  
"FIGHT WASTE" STAMPS.

1. CONSERVE EVERYTHING YOU USE.
2. BUY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY.
3. SALVAGE WHAT YOU DON'T NEED.
4. SHARE WHAT YOU HAVE.



DESERT FIGHTERS KNOW WATER'S  
VALUE DON'T WASTE WATER JUST  
BECAUSE IT'S PLentiful.



*Fight  
WATER Waste!*

A TANK USES AS MANY LIGHT BULBS  
AS A HOME - AND EACH NEEDS  
CRITICAL TUNGSTEN.



*Fight Waste of  
ELECTRICITY!*

MANY HOMES WASTE ENOUGH  
FOOD EVERY DAY TO FEED A  
SOLDIER.



*Fight  
FOOD Waste!*

IMPOSSIBLE GAS TANKS CARRY  
PLANES DESPERE INTO EVERY  
TERRITORY - NEED SPARE!



*Fight  
GASOLINE Waste!*

THE SCRAP METAL YOU SALVAGE  
GOES RIGHT TO WAR GET IN THE  
SCRAP!



*Fight Waste!*

THE BARES YOU SAVE GOES INTO  
VITAL WAR MATERIAL - SUCH AS  
BUSBY PARACHUTES.



*Fight Waste!*

COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT HAS  
GONE TO WAR, TOO USE YOUR TELE-  
PHONE WISELY.



*Fight Waste!*

THERE ARE ONLY THREE WEEKS  
BETWEEN YOUR USED KITCHEN  
BATS AND AMMUNITION ON.



*Fight Waste!*

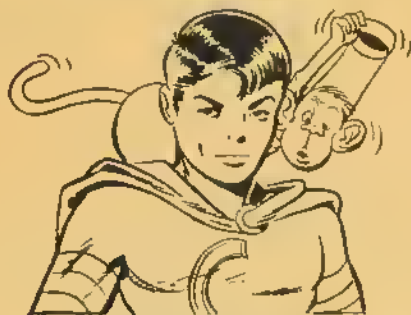
THE ONLY TRULY ALL BOY MAGAZINE

## BOY COMICS!

FOR BOYS!!

ABOUT BOYS!!

IS THE FIRST MAGAZINE  
TO GIVE THE AMERICAN  
BOY EXACTLY WHAT  
HE WANTS!!



**CRIMEBUSTER'S**

**GREATEST  
ADVENTURE**

CRIMEBUSTER AND SQUEEKS MEET  
THE CRIMINAL THAT LAUGHED AT THE  
PHRASE, "CRIME DOESN'T PAY"

**DON'T MISS IT!!** IN THE ISSUE OF **BOY COMICS**  
**OUT SOON !!**

A \$50,000 CRUISER,  
THE "TEMPEST" ON SALE  
FOR ONLY \$300!!  
YET NO TAKERS!!

**WHY?**

WHY DID DEATH COME  
TO ALL WHO TRIED TO  
SAIL THE "TEMPEST"?  
WHAT CREATED THE  
SICKENING ODOR?



**DAREDEVIL**  
AND THE  
**LITTLE WISE GUYS**  
FIND OUT AND SO  
CAN YOU IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF  
**DAREDEVIL**  
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND

**NOW!**



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# 10 YEARS OF TERROR

## VINCENT PIAZZERO

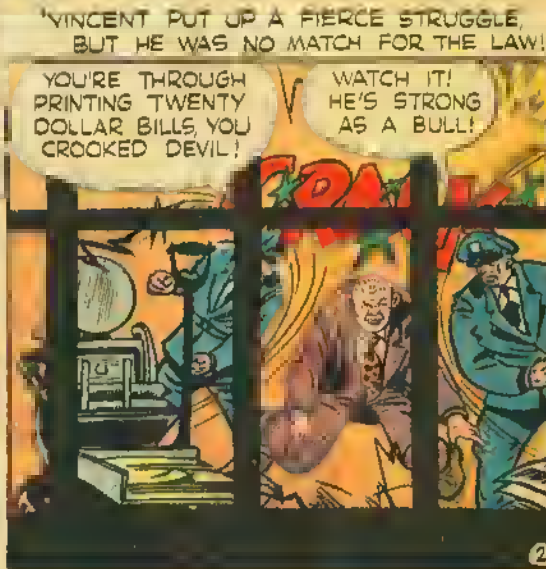
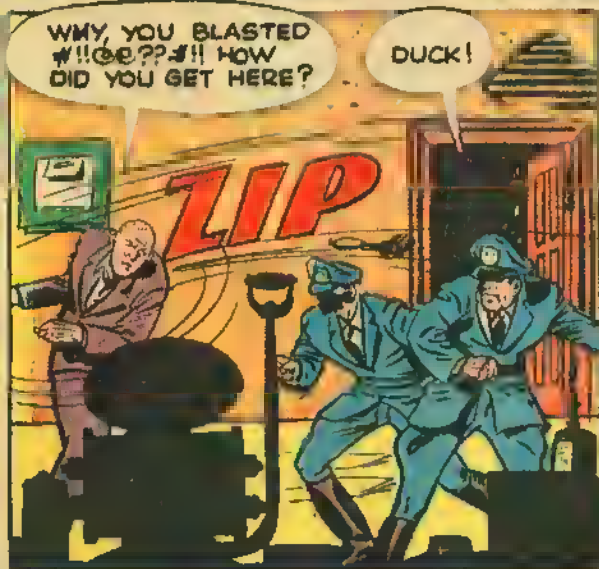
HO, FOLKS!  
CLOSE YOUR  
WINDOWS, BOLT YOUR  
DOORS! I'VE TURNED  
THE RAGING TIGER LOOSE!  
HEH, HEH! OF COURSE  
VINCENT PIAZZERO IS  
NO ANIMAL, BUT HE'S  
JUST AS DEADLY, YES,  
INDEED... AND IF YOU  
DON'T BELIEVE ME,  
JUST ASK THE POLICE!  
HEH, HEH... YOU'LL  
SOON FIND OUT!

RRRR  
R-RRR  
GRRR

BEWARE  
MAD  
ANIMAL



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HEH, HEH! WHEN THEY CARTED MY PUPIL OFF TO PRISON, I WASN'T DISCOURAGED...NO, INDEED, FOR I KNEW THE CAREER HE HAD BEFORE HIM!"

PRISON! BAH! I SPIT UPON YOU ALL! I, VINCENT PIAZZERO, CAN'T BE LOCKED UP LIKE A MAD DOG!

I HAVE WORK TO DO... WORK IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD THAT NO ONE CAN STOP ME FROM DOING! DO YOU HEAR ME, FOOLS?

"HEH, HEH, I WAS PATIENT, THOSE FIVE YEARS THE LAW KEPT VINCENT FROM ME... AFTER ALL, FIVE YEARS IS NOT FOREVER!"

FREE AT LAST! THOSE IDIOTS WILL PAY FOR THIS!

AH, YES, INDEED THEY WILL, VINCENT, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER, THE POLICE ARE CLEVER, TOO!

WELL, FER...LOOK WHO'S HERE—THE FIVE-YEAR MAN HIMSELF!" HA, HA!

HOW DID YA LIKE YER VACATION, PAL! HA, HA!

VERY, VERY FUNNY!

BUT I DON'T HAPPEN TO BE IN THE MOOD FOR JOKES!

W..WAIT!

I WAS ONLY JOKING!

JOKING! IT'S NO JOKE WHEN A MAN HAS BEEN IN PRISON FIVE YEARS!

R..PLEASE! DON'T CUT ME ANY MORE!

I'D KILL YOU IF I DIDN'T NEED YOU ALIVE! NOW GO SEE A TAILOR AND GET BACK HERE! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HEH, HEH IT WAS THEN THAT REAL TROUBLE BEGAN TO BREW!"

NO ONE THEATENS ME! SPEAK UP BEFORE I CUT YOUR HEART OUT!

ALL, ALRIGHT, VINCENT! I'M JUST KIDDIN' YOUR DAUGHTER IS GOING OUT WITH TED TRAVERS!

ALL RIGHT, CHUCK, I'M GOING INTO THE BOOTLEGGING BUSINESS. YOU'LL OBEY ME WITHOUT QUESTIONS, UNDERSTAND?

WELL, NOW, VINCENT I WOULDN'T GET TOO TOUGH... YOU SEE... I... ER KNOW SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU..

VINCENT YOU'D BETTER FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!



"HEH, HEH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN VINCENT'S FACE!"

THE LITTLE WITCH! SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME, OF COURSE! THAT DOG TRAVERS NEVER WOULD!



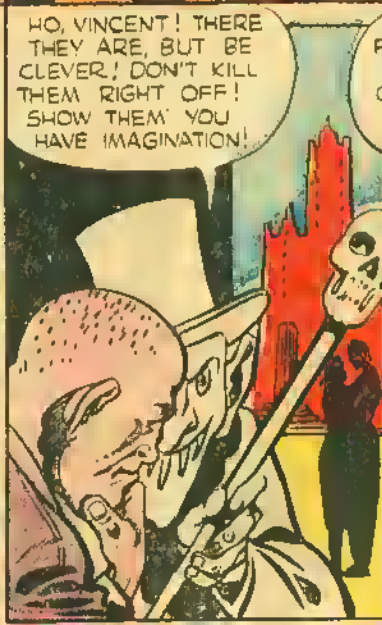
YOU STAY PUT! I'LL BE BACK TO TALK BUSINESS! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO TAKE CARE OF!



HO, VINCENT, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO HAVE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS SO SOON! YOU'RE A HARD ONE TO CONTROL!



HO, VINCENT! THERE THEY ARE, BUT BE CLEVER! DON'T KILL THEM RIGHT OFF! SHOW THEM YOU HAVE IMAGINATION!



HO, MY FINE FRIENDS! YOU WILL COME FOR A RIDE WITH ME, NO?

WH..WHY FATHER... WHAT IS WRONG?

THAT GUN! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

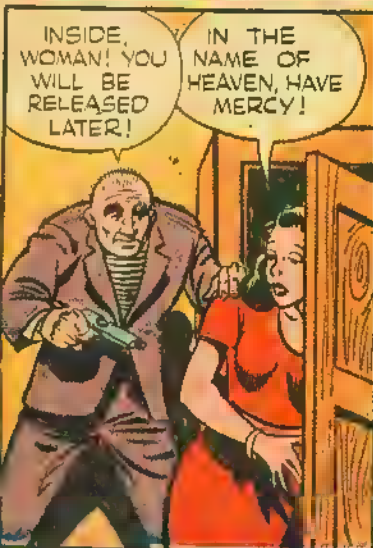
OH, NO, MY DEAR FRIENDS! I'M NOT MAD! AT LEAST NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH BY THIS? WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

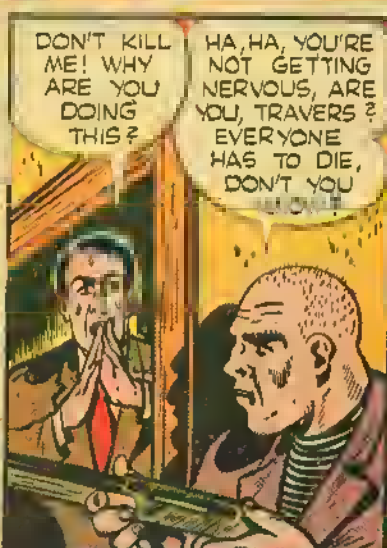
PLEASE LET US GO, FATHER!

"HO, FOLKS, MY PUPIL HAD A FLAIR FOR DRAMATICS...IN AN OLD ROADHOUSE..."

MARCH, FELLOW! YOU GO IN AND WAIT...YOUR SWEET GIRL WILL STAY WITH ME FOR AWHILE...



TRAVERS! CAN YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOING? I'M LOADING A GUN, TRAVERS-- A SHOT GUN! HA, HA, HA!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

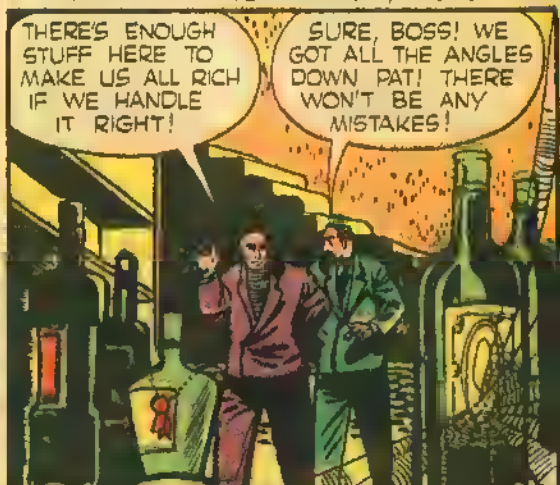
YOU SWINE! YOU WORTHLESS SWINE! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME FOREVER!



"VINCENT'S WILD TEMPER DIDN'T INTERFERE WITH HIS BUSINESS, THOUGH."

THERE'S ENOUGH STUFF HERE TO MAKE US ALL RICH IF WE HANDLE IT RIGHT!

SURE, BOSS! WE GOT ALL THE ANGLES DOWN PAT! THERE WON'T BE ANY MISTAKES!



BOSS!! BOSS!! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, YET AND I INTEND TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU DON'T! NOW, SIT DOWN...



THIS, MY FRIEND, IS A MAP OF MY FRIEND'S LIQUOR STILLS IN, AND AROUND NEW JERSEY... YOU WILL GO THERE, ESTABLISH THE STILLS AND I WILL MEET YOU!

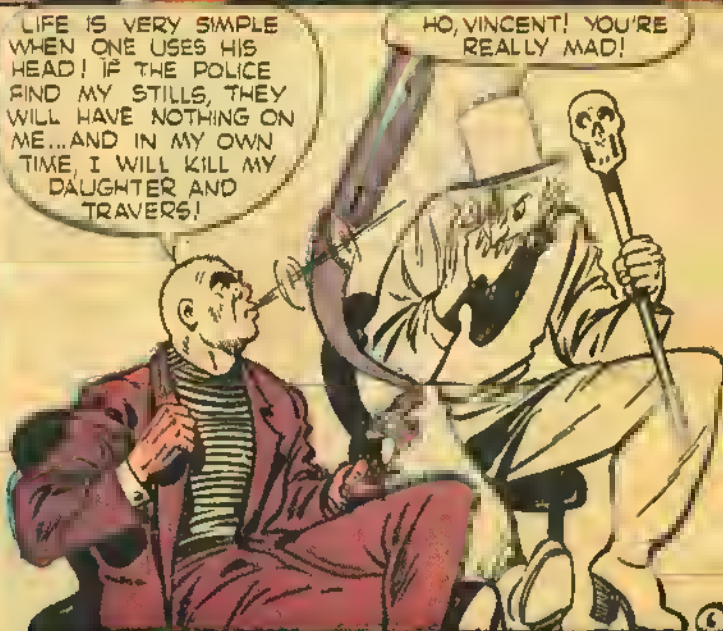


MY NAME IS TO BE LEFT OUT OF IT! LET 'EM THINK YOU'RE RUNNING THE BUSINESS! IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE! IF YOU FAIL, I WILL USE THE KNIFE NEXT TIME!



LIFE IS VERY SIMPLE WHEN ONE USES HIS HEAD! IF THE POLICE FIND MY STILLS, THEY WILL HAVE NOTHING ON ME...AND IN MY OWN TIME, I WILL KILL MY DAUGHTER AND TRAVERS!

HO, VINCENT! YOU'RE REALLY MAD!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"SEVERAL YEARS PASSED AND VINCENT'S BUSINESS DID PROSPER...THE POLICE WERE DESPERATE!"

"VINCENT, IN THE MEANTIME, WENT BLISSFULLY ON HIS WAY!"

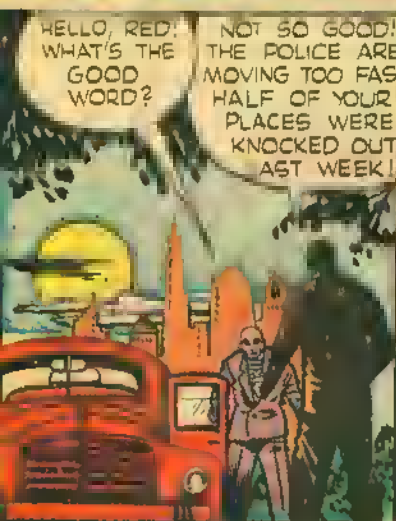


IT'S GOT TO BE STOPPED; I TELL YOU! EVERY STILL WE KNOCK OVER IS IN THE HANDS OF SOME FOOL! THE REAL MAN BEHIND IT ALL KEEPS IN THE BACKGROUND!

..AND THEN OPENS UP AGAIN WITH A NEW STOCK AND A DIFFERENT LOCATION!

YEAH! MAYBE I BETTER QUIT WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD! I MADE PLENTY OF DOUGH!

HEY, A CAR'S COMIN' UP OUTSIDE!



HELLO, RED! WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

NOT SO GOOD! THE POLICE ARE MOVING TOO FAST! HALF OF YOUR PLACES WERE KNOCKED OUT LAST WEEK!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE STILL PROSPERING SO WELL! FOR EVERYONE ONE THE COPS KNOCK OVER, I BUILD TWO MORE!

"HEH, HEH, OF COURSE, LIKE ANY OTHER MOBSTER, VINCENT HAD HIS THRILLING MOMENTS!"

IT'S THE COPS! A HALF DOZEN OUT FRONT!

BLAST THEIR HIDES!



PEPPER THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUTTA THEM IF WE HOLD OFF LONG ENOUGH, WE'LL GET OUTTA THIS!

I DON'T SEE HOW! THERE'LL BE MORE COMING EVERY MINUTE!

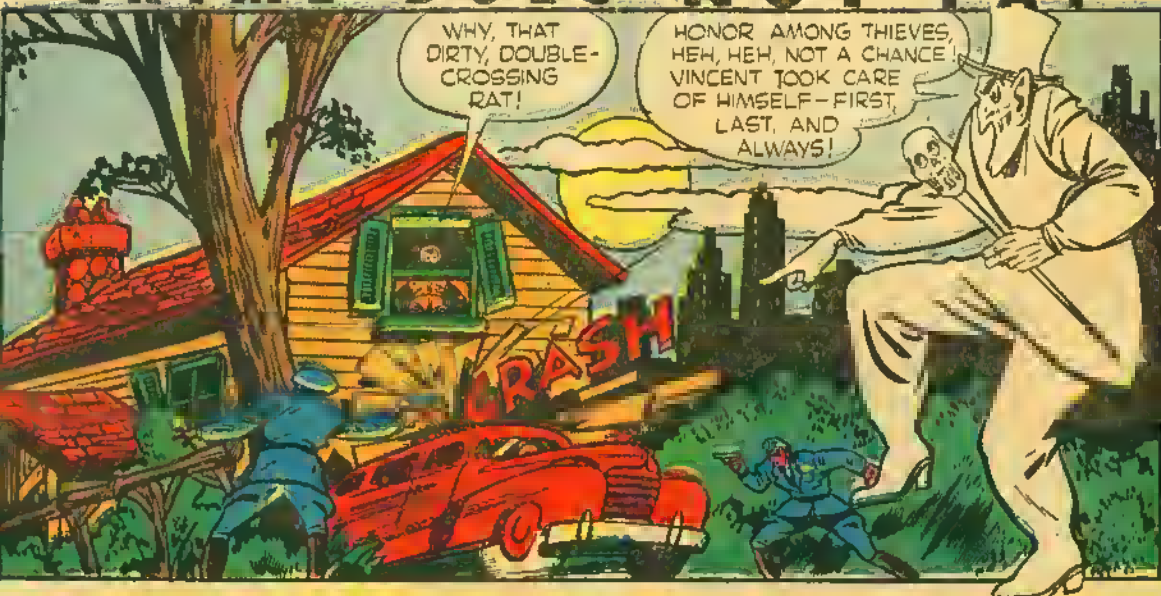


KEEP 'EM AWAY WHILE I GET THE CAR OUT IN THE BACK! WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

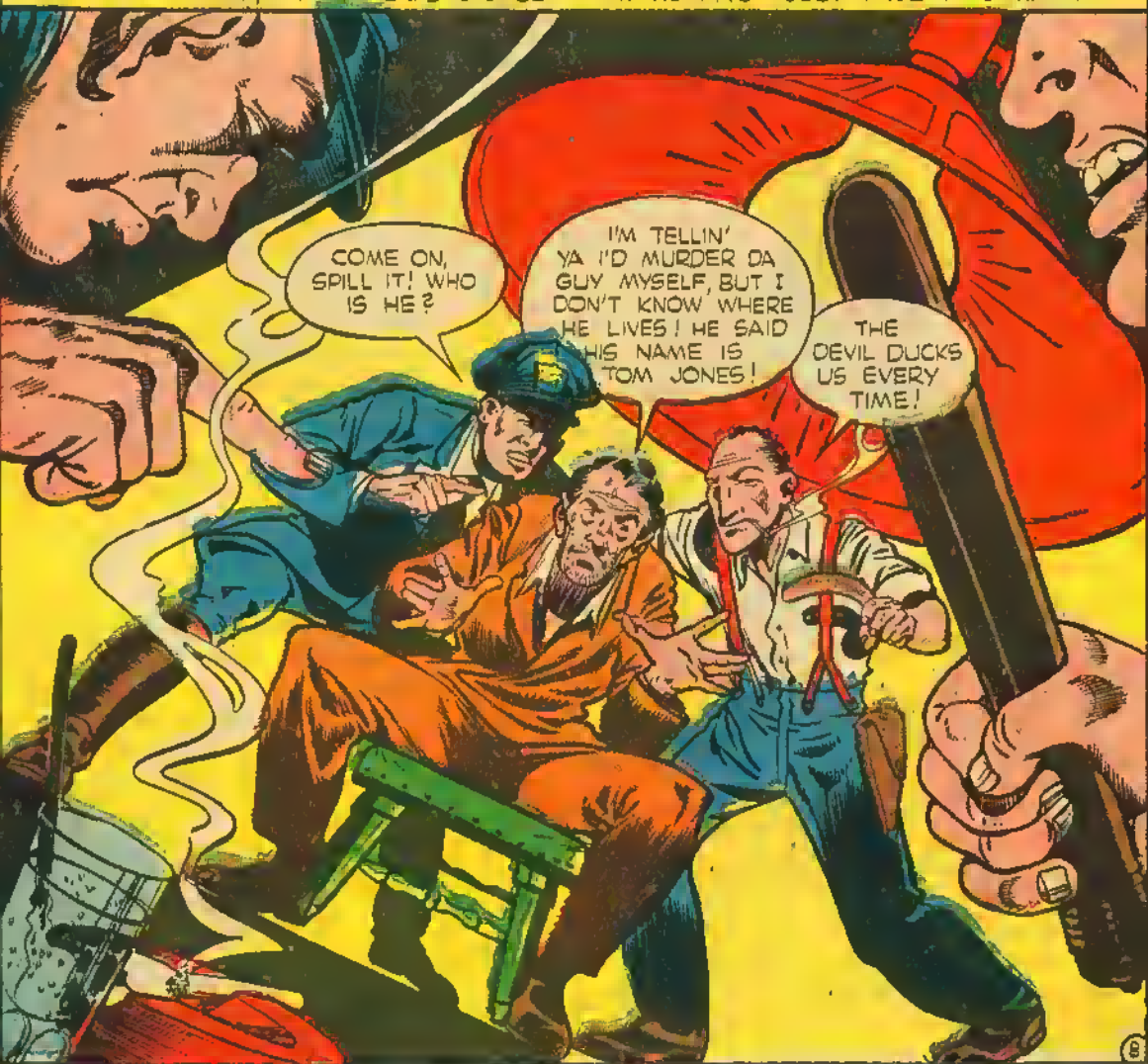
O.K. BOSS! BUT MAKE IT FAST!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"AND OF COURSE, THE CAPTURED STOOGES KNEW NOTHING ABOUT VINCENT TO TELL!"



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"THE CRIME CRAZE HAD REALLY STRUCK MY PUPIL NOW! SUCCESS HAD GONE TO HIS HEAD!"

HA, HA! THE BLASTED FOOLS! I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM ALL! I HAVE ONLY ONE MORE TO TAKE CARE OF!

AND NOW, I'VE WANTED TO KILL THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE, AND TRAVERS! HOW I HATE THEM! THEY'LL DIE FOR LAUGHING AT ME!

YOU!

YES, YOUR FATHER, DEAR! ARE YOU SURPRISED TO SEE ME? HA, HA, HA! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE!

BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO FOR LONG! HA, HA, HA!

STOP! STOP!

GREAT HEAVENS! HE'S MAD!

FOR YOU, TOO, A SPECIAL TREAT! DEATH FROM A NICE, CLEAN BULLET!

"LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, VINCENT DISAPPEARED THAT NIGHT! HEH, HEH...HE THOUGHT ALL HIS VICTIMS WERE DEAD, BUT..."

TRAVERS, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE! TELL US WHO SHOT YOU!

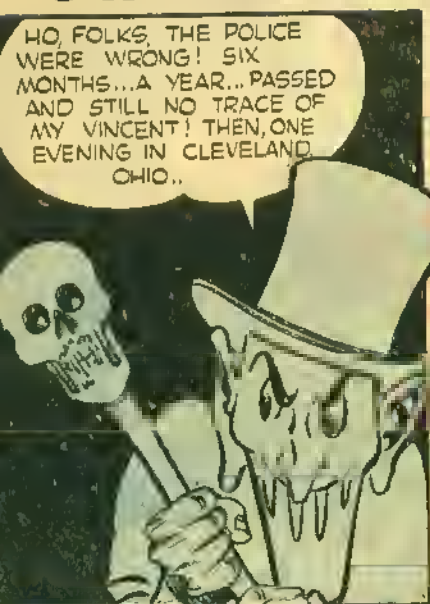
I...I WILL TELL YOU, BUT HE'LL GET ME, EVEN HERE! HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND...IT WAS VINCENT PIAZZERO!

HE'S A BAD ONE, BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HUNT HIM DOWN NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES!

I...I HOPE SO, BUT HE'S UNCANNY! PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO MENTION HIS NAME! HE SHOT US JUST OUT OF SPITE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



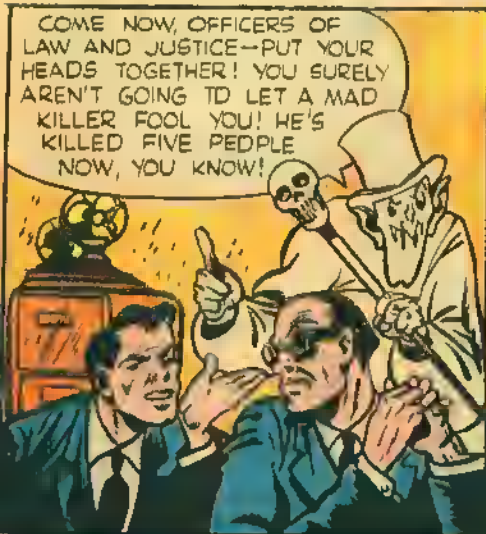
"NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE POLICE LOST NO TIME SPRINGING INTO ACTION! THEY FOUND THE GUN AND MY VINCENT'S FINGERPRINTS...BUT, HEH, HEH, THEY HAD THOSE BEFORE! WHAT THEY WANTED WAS VINCENT HIMSELF!"



"HO, HO! VINCENT HAD SOME MORE FUN. SHORTLY AFTERWARD IN YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO..."

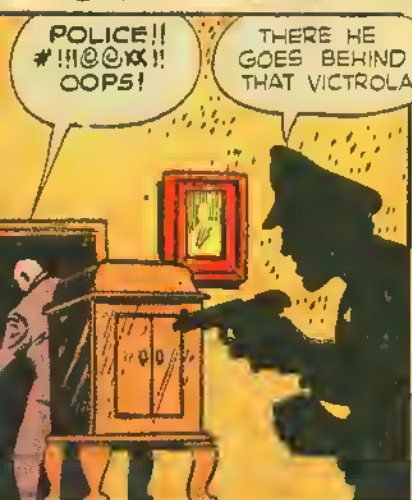


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



POLICE!!  
#!!!@xx!!  
OOPS!

THERE HE  
GOES BEHIND  
THAT VICTROLA!



THE UNCANNY  
BEAST! A HIDDEN  
PASSAGEWAY...

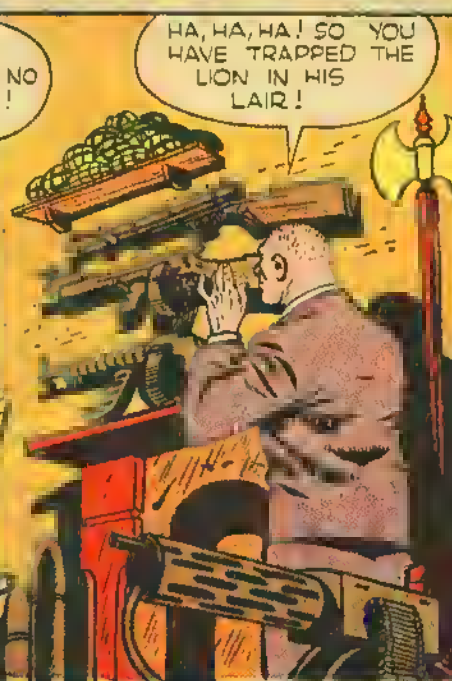


PROBABLY  
BEEN HIDING  
HERE FOR  
YEARS!



NOT A MOVE,  
PIAZZERO, OR  
YOU'LL GO JUST  
LIKE ONE OF  
YOUR VICTIMS!

AND  
THAT'S NO  
JOKE!

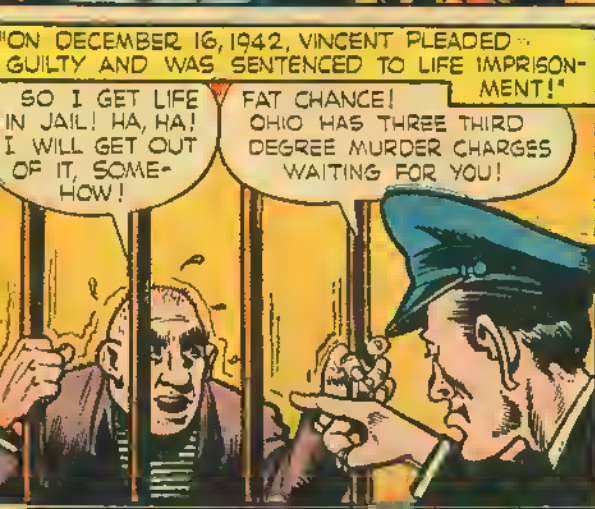


HA, HA, HA! SO YOU  
HAVE TRAPPED THE  
LION IN HIS  
LAIR!



YOU WON'T DO MUCH  
ROARING WHEN WE  
GET THROUGH WITH  
YOU, FELLER!

JUMPIN'  
CATS! HE'S GOT  
EVERYTHIN' FROM  
PEA SHOOTERS  
TO MACHINE  
GUNS HERE!



ON DECEMBER 16, 1942, VINCENT PLEADED  
GUILTY AND WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISON-  
MENT!

SO I GET LIFE  
IN JAIL! HA, HA!  
I WILL GET OUT  
OF IT, SOME-  
HOW!

FAT CHANCE!  
OHIO HAS THREE THIRD  
DEGREE MURDER CHARGES  
WAITING FOR YOU!

HO, FOLKS, THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OF  
MY PUPILS! THEY ALL END UP THE SAME-  
EITHER BEHIND BARS OR IN A COFFIN!  
HEH, HEH, HOW STUPID THEY ARE TO  
REALIZE MY RACKET DOESN'T PAY OFF!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# Connoisseur OF CRIME

ART BY  
BOB Q.  
SIEGE

JEWELRY  
SHOPPE

HO HUM, LIFE IS  
SO SIMPLE WHEN ONE  
HAS BRAINS!... AND OF  
COURSE THE RIGHT  
SOCIAL MANNER!

A TRUE  
CRIME  
STORY

ADAPTED FOR  
"CRIME DOES  
NOT PAY" BY  
DICK WOOD

The  
CRIMINAL  
CAREER OF  
DANIEL JOS,  
THIEF  
EXTRAORDINARY,  
WHO TRICKED  
ENGLISH JUSTICE  
IN A MOST UNUSUAL  
WAY UNTIL...

ON  
1942, DANIEL  
JOS  
WAS  
DISCHARGED  
FROM  
THE  
POLISH  
ARMY  
AFTER  
SERVING  
A  
SENTENCE  
FOR  
FRAUD!

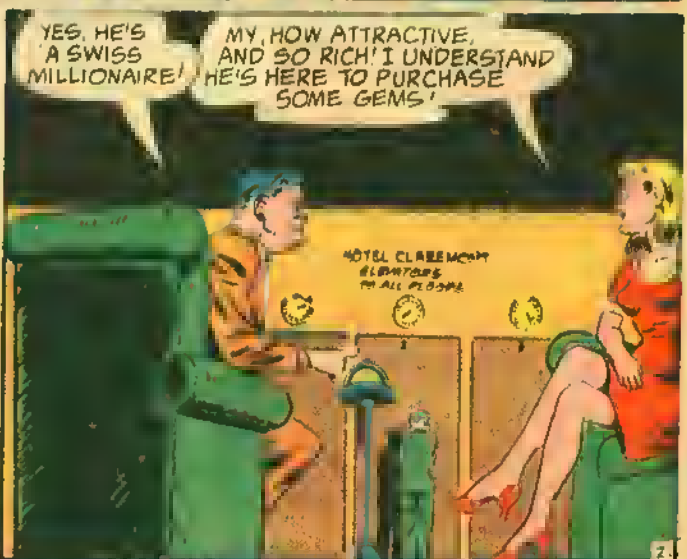
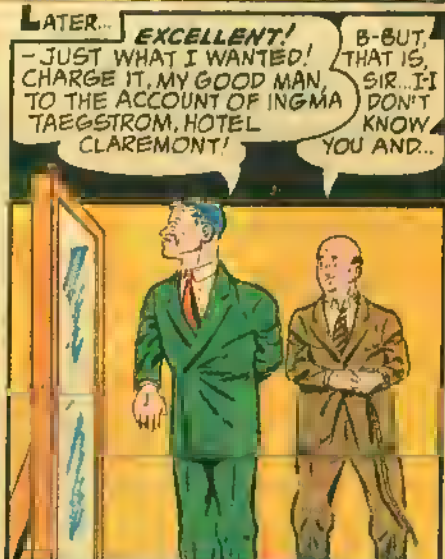
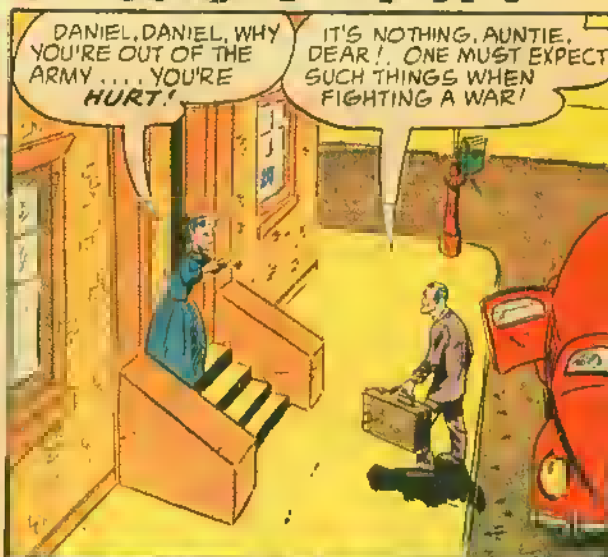
ALL RIGHT, JOS... HIT  
THE ROAD AND DON'T  
COME BACK! THE  
ARMY DOESN'T  
WANT CROOKS!

TUT, TUT, MY  
GOOD MAN...  
THE FEELING  
IS MUTUAL!

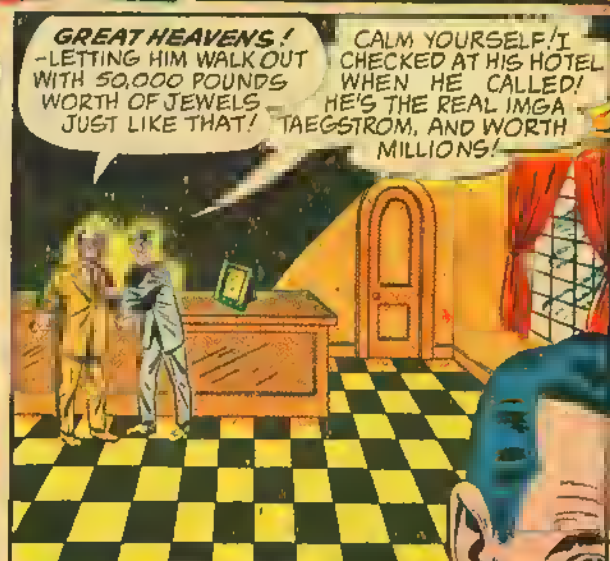
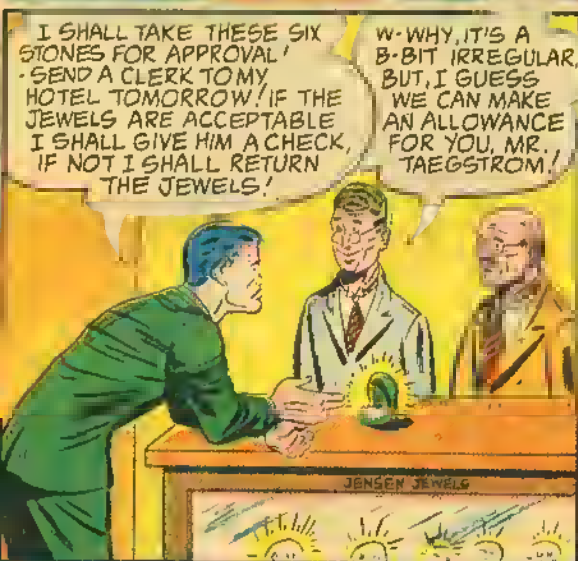
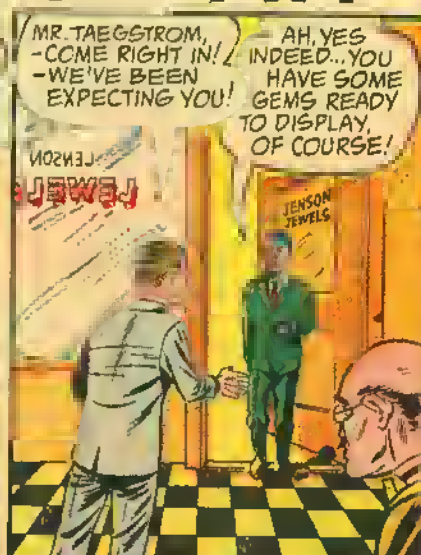
HEAVY  
PRISON  
GATE  
3



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

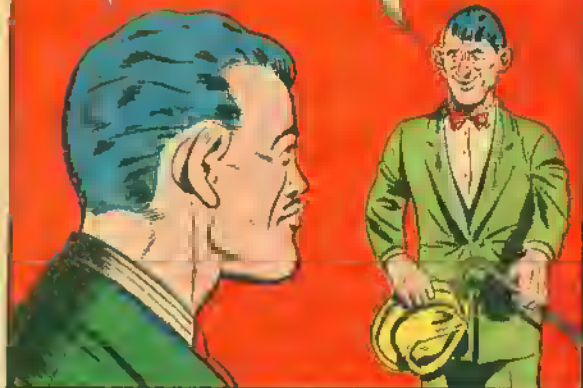




# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AT MY HOTEL WE CAN DO BUSINESS BETTER! I SUGGEST YOU BRING A CHECK BOOK!

OF COURSE, SIR! THEY TELL ME YOU ARE A RAPID BUSINESS MAN! HA, HA! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!



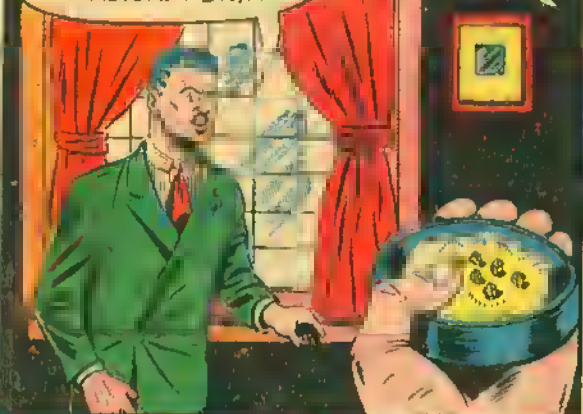
THIS STUPID FOOL HAS SWALLOWED EVERYTHING HE'S HEARD! LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT!

THIS RICH FOOL WILL BE EASY TO GET THE BETTER OF! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!



NOW THERE THEY ARE... SIX EXQUISITE BLUE DIAMONDS! I DO NOT HAGGLE! YOU MAY HAVE THEM FOR 25,000 POUNDS!... HALF THEIR ACTUAL WORTH!

25,000, -WHY, OF COURSE! IT IS A FAIR DEAL!



THERE YOU ARE, MR. TAEGSTROM, THE FULL PRICE!

ER...THERE IS JUST ONE THING! -DO NOT MENTION OUR DEAL TO YOUR FRIEND NEXT DOOR! HE MIGHT FEEL SLIGHTED THAT FOR PERSONAL REASONS, I DID NOT GIVE HIM THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!



HA, HA, I UNDERSTAND! -I SHALL NOT MENTION IT AND PERHAPS WE CAN DO BUSINESS AGAIN, MR. TAEGSTROM!

I SHALL KEEP YOU IN MIND, MY GOOD MAN!



A MOST EXCELLENT DEAL, INDEED! NOW TO CALL THE JENSEN JEWELERS AND POSTPONE OUR APPOINTMENT! -HEH, HEH... IN A WEEK, I SHALL BE QUITE WEALTHY, I'M SURE!



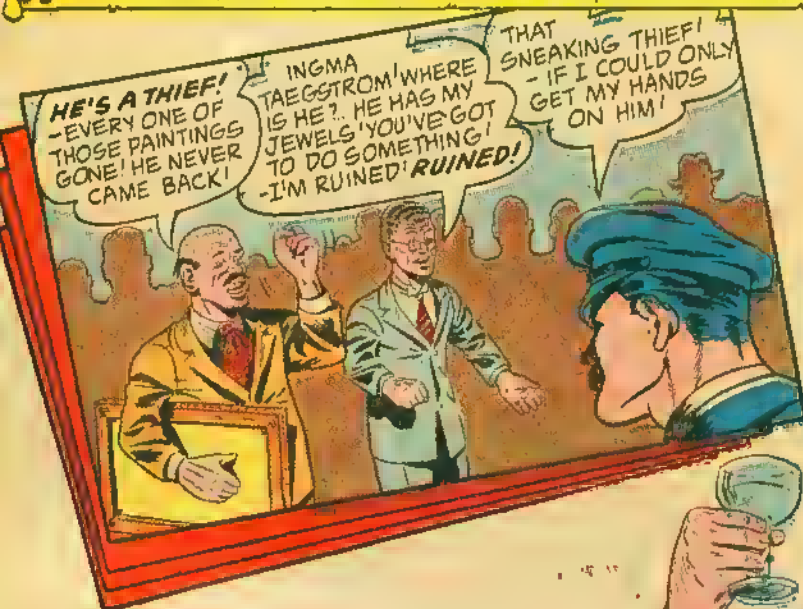
I FIND IT NECESSARY TO LEAVE FOR A WEEK! -YOU WILL EXPLAIN TO ANY CALLERS THAT I WILL RETURN NEXT MONDAY!

YES, SIR... -A PLEASANT JOURNEY, SIR!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

And SO DID DANIEL JOS CONTINUE HIS WILY GAME OF DECEIT! SOON HALF OF LONDON WAS WILD WITH RAGE!



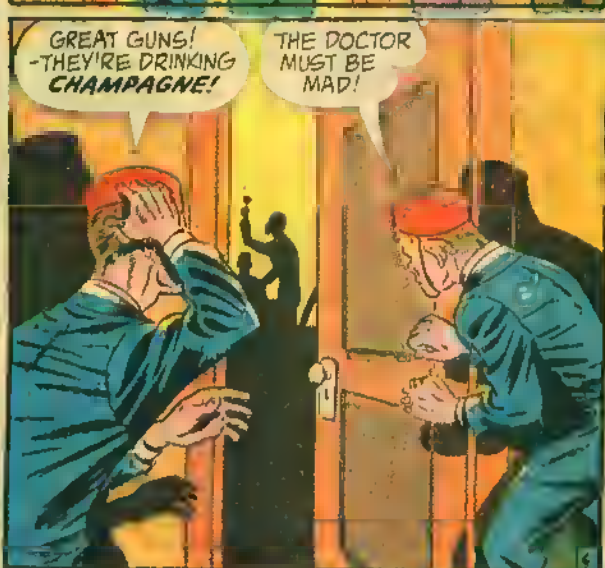
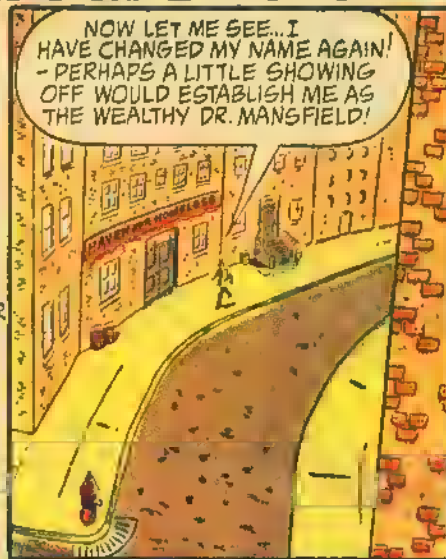
AH ME, SUCH A  
PLEASANT LIFE! I  
HAVE **MORE** MONEY  
THAN I KNOW WHAT  
TO DO WITH!!!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**HIS** POCKETS LOADED WITH MONEY, THE GAY DANIEL JOS DECIDED ON A SPECTACULAR MOVE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

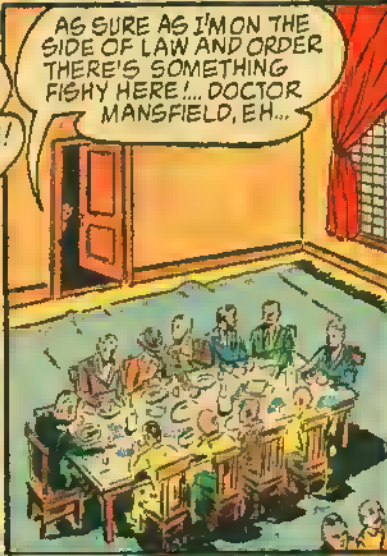
BUT MEANWHILE!

I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS!

NOT AT ALL, THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HE WISHED TO TREAT THE POOR PEOPLE! THAT'S ALL!!



AS SURE AS I'M ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE!... DOCTOR MANSFIELD, EH...



THAT FACE! IT'S MIGHTY FAMILIAR! NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?



THUNDERING CATFISH! - OF COURSE!! THE PHONEY IGMA TAE6STROM!!!



AND NOW LET US DRINK A TOAST TO BETTER DAYS AND...



...AND BETTER JAILS! - YOU THIEF!



BUT I ONLY STOLE FROM THE RICH TO HELP THE POOR!

RUBBISH! YOU'RE A THIEF, DANIEL JOE, AND A LOW ONE TOO! - YOU WILL PAY YOUR PENALTY TO THE LAW!

IN COURT, DANIEL JOE TRIED TO SHOW HIMSELF AS A MODERN ROBINHOOD - BUT THE JUDGE WAS NOT FOOLED!



AH ME, IF A CLEVER MAN LIKE MYSELF CANNOT FOOL THE LAW, WHO CAN? I MUST ADMIT - CRIME DOES NOT PAY ONE BIT!!!





# CASE OF THE CONFIDENT KILLER

THUS DID HENRY  
PODMORE, LIAR,  
THIEF AND MURDER-  
ER BELIEVE...BUT  
THE HAND OF JUSTICE  
SOMETIMES MOVES  
IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS  
...AND IT WAS FATE  
THAT HENRY PODMORE  
SHOULD DIE...

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND 1929

HEH HEH!  
JUST AS I  
THOUGHT!  
THEY CAN'T  
HANG ME!  
IT'S NOT  
LEGAL!



AH! WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL  
MORNING..  
A GREAT DAY  
FOR WORK!

NOW I WONDER WHAT  
CLEVER DEEDS I SHALL  
ACCOMPLISH TODAY..  
HM-M-M-M...SERVANT  
WANTED OUT IN  
BAY MEADOWS!

HELP WANTED



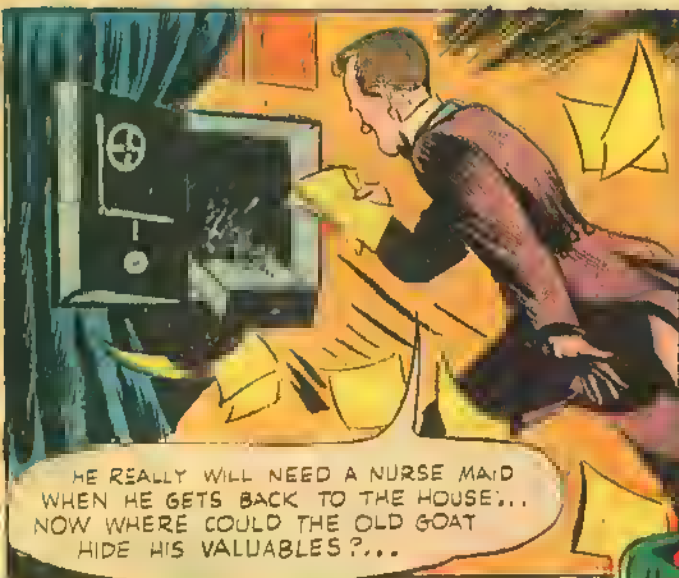
YOUR REFERENCES  
ARE EXCELLENT...  
I THINK YOU WILL  
DO NICELY, MR.  
FENMORE!

THANK YOU  
SIR!

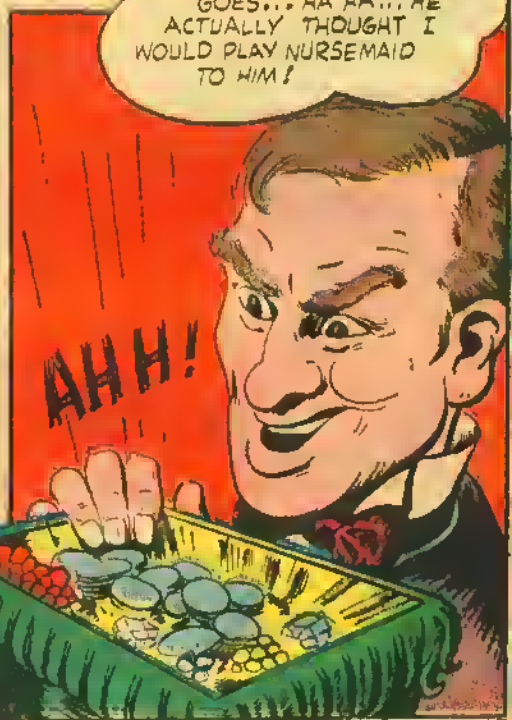
THEY  
SHOULD BE... I  
FORGED THEM MYSELF!



THERE  
THE OLD FOOL  
GOES... HA HA... HE  
ACTUALLY THOUGHT I  
WOULD PLAY NURSEMAID  
TO HIM!



HE REALLY WILL NEED A NURSE MAID  
WHEN HE GETS BACK TO THE HOUSE...  
NOW WHERE COULD THE OLD GOAT  
HIDE HIS VALUABLES?...



AHH!

TIME PASSED BY AND PODMORE BECAME  
MORE DARING AND CLEVER WITH EACH  
CRIME... THEN FINALLY...



THAT NEW ASSISTANT  
OF MINE ACTS  
MIGHTY ODD... SEEMS  
TO BE A BIT UN-  
SETTLED!



HUH... ER...  
THAT IS...

TRAVERS! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING IN MY SAFE?



I ALWAYS THOUGHT  
THERE WAS SOMETHING  
STRANGE ABOUT YOU,  
TRAVERS... YOU'RE A  
THIEF!.. GET OUT!!



I WON'T TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE... BUT DON'T EVER SHOW YOUR FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN!

THAT'S KIND OF YOU SIR!

MIGHTY KIND OF YOU FOOL!

OH! SO IT TAKES A LOT TO DOWN YOU, DOES IT?

NO!  
NO!

WELL, THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK ALL RIGHT!

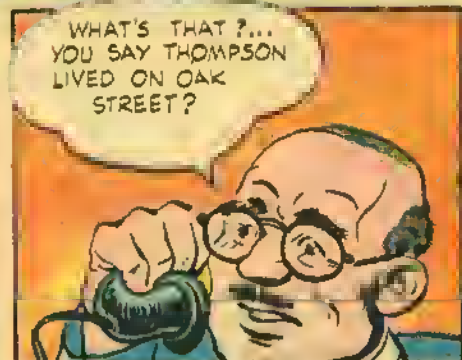
THERE WAS ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH MONEY HERE FOR YOUR OWN GOOD MR. MESSITER... THE OIL BUSINESS IS QUITE PROFITABLE INDEED!

NEVER YOU MIND NOW... I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY... MR. MESSITER IS A FINE RELIABLE MAN... I'M HIS LAND LADY AND I KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG!

GO AHEAD, BREAK IT IN HE HASN'T BEEN HOME IN DAYS AND IT ISN'T LIKE HIM!



"THUS BEGAN THE LONG TRAIL FOR SCOTLAND YARD TO FOLLOW....MONTHS PASSED AND FINALLY..."

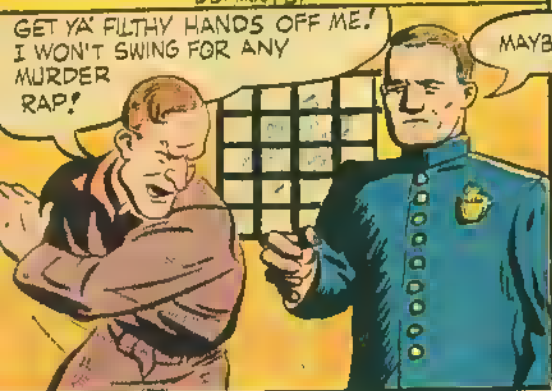


"AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS THAT DAY THE BIG BREAK CAME..."





"AT PRISON, PODMORE FACED THE GUARD  
DEFIANTLY"



"...BUT SCOTLAND YARD WAS NOT CONTENTED"

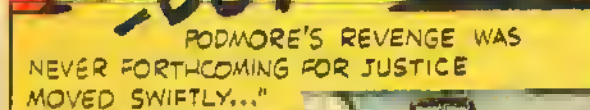
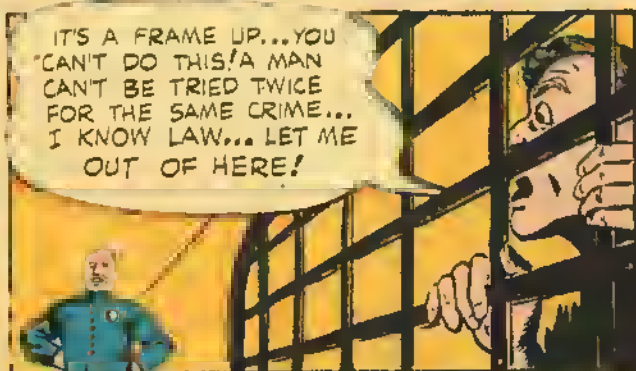


"NEXT DAY THE SCHEME WENT INTO ACTION...  
TWO MEN WERE PLACED IN THE PRISON  
WITH PODMORE..."



"THE CORONER'S COURT FOUND THE EVIDENCE WEAK"







# THE OLD MAN OF CRIME

By DICK WOOD

**M**R. MILLER, alias Joe Kart, settled down in the cell in Sing Sing prison and smiled contentedly to himself. The iron bars and dark prison corridors had long since become a source of comfort to him. For nearly half a century he had been paying periodic visits to Sing Sing and each trip brought him closer and closer to the place. Whatever else might be said of Joe Kart, he had lived an active life. It had all begun when he was a husky lad of fifteen in New York City. At that tender age young Joe decided that his was going to be an easy life. He would be a thief. From the day he first swiped a red apple till his 66th birthday he kept diligently at his job. The implements of Joe's work were unique in their simplicity. A dime glass cutter, a jimmy and old woolen slippers made up his criminal attire. He also wore an old overcoat that was his pride and joy.

At fifteen when he was young and spry it had been a simple matter to skip about from house to house cutting his way in and slipping away again. Of course he had only operated for a few months when the law pounced out of nowhere and put him behind bars for his first stretch. Joe wasn't discouraged though. Every business has its ups and downs. One must expect a few setbacks when starting out, Joe Kart must have reasoned. Promptly upon his release he fled to New York City, and

started in business where he had left off. This time things were a bit more difficult. The police kept a close eye on him and he was forced to invent novel methods of eluding them. At first it had been interesting but then the novelty wore off and in his panic he made another one of those inevitable slips. He was twenty-five this time and Sing Sing prison welcomed him warmly. The months passed and once again Joe had served his burglary sentence. He thanked the warden warmly for his advice, promised to go straight and hurried right back to New York City.

Having learned a trick or two while in the prison, Joe set about buying a large woolen coat which he proceeded to make into a thief's jacket. Secret pockets were cut in various places just large enough to hold his glass cutter, file and woolen slippers. He added an extra pocket here and there to hold such things as stolen jewels or cash. Yes indeed, Joe was not missing a trick and when some years later they caught him inside a country home trying to open a safe he made comment that his progress had been quite good, everything considered. Thus it went on until Joe was fifty-five years old. Every ten years without fail he would end up behind bars and every ten years the police would shake their heads and wonder if there would never be an end to Joe Kart's rotten career. His crimes were of a petty nature, but Joe Kart was be-

coming a very bothersome criminal indeed.

Now Joe was fifty-five and he was being released from Sing Sing for the fourth time.

"Joe," the warden said. "We think you have visited with us quite long enough. We don't want to see you here again."

"No," replied Joe, "I think at long last I have learned my lesson. I shall perhaps go to the country and raise pigs or something."

As Joe walked away from his "home" on the Hudson, he frowned. If he followed his plans badly he would have to return there again for good and it was a hard thought to take. He put a hand deep inside his old woolen overcoat and brought out a fistful of something shiny. He couldn't help but laugh as he held the cluster of jewels out in the sun. All the time he had been in prison they had been concealed in his trick overcoat and the police had never known. It had been well worth all his efforts in cutting the secret pockets for now he could cash them in and have enough to start raising pigs in the country . . . what a laugh. All he wanted to raise was more money. In the city, walking down Sixth Ave. he stopped and gazed at himself in one of the store windows. How he had changed. The former husky body he once had had melted into a sloppy mess. He was white haired and wrinkled beyond his years. A lifetime of crime had not treated Joe Kart kindly. Once more he clutched the fistfull of jewels in his pocket and a sly smile broke out across his face. This was no time to quit a life of crime. Why he would wilt away and die if he quit now—crime was in his blood. Joe Kart turned suddenly and hurried down a side street. A hundred or so dollars worth of

jewels shouldn't be so hard to get rid of.

It was several evenings later when Officer Crandall heard the high pitched shriek of a woman on a corner block. Together with a companion officer they sprinted to the scene and listened patiently while the frantic woman described her horrible experience. She had been in bed but a few hours when a dark shape had suddenly appeared at her window. For several minutes she had watched it, too horrified to cry out. Then suddenly the middle of the window fell back and a huge man in a bulky overcoat entered. Finally managing to find her voice she had let out a wild shriek and the man had rushed down the staircase and out the front door. Having control of herself now she followed him out shrieking and watched him cut across the back yard into the darkness. For a split moment the officers looked at each other. The technique of the crime screamed of Joe Kart. Was it possible that he had gone off the deep end again. Swinging around the block in opposite directions, it wasn't long before they saw the puffing figure of a man up ahead running through the darkness. When they spun their man around they could hardly believe their eyes. It was old Joe Kart all right. A sly grin wrinkling his face. "I could have gotten away from you ten years ago," he said. "Guess my age is catching up with me—and it's a good thing for you cops," he added.

Later the Assistant District Attorney had plenty to say. He rightly decided that Joe Kart after fifty years of burglary would be a hard person to reform. Thus it is that foolish Joe will spend the remaining years of his life behind the cold grey walls of Sing Sing prison.



# Profit in Corpses

HO! HO!... I'M RICH!  
I'M RICH!... LITTLE DO THE  
POLICE REALIZE THAT I, JOHN  
STOREY AM THE MOST  
VICIOUS KILLER THIS  
SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI...  
AND MAKING A PROFIT  
AT IT TOO!



YES INDEED, JOHN STOREY COULD WELL LAY CLAIM TO HIS BOAST FOR AS YOU SOON SHALL  
SEE HE WAS INDEED A THING OF TERROR...

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER QUIET EVENING IN DURANT  
OKLAHOMA ON AUGUST 23rd 1938... UNTIL...

WHEN THE RESCUE PARTY ARRIVED  
THE SHACK WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND  
AND MRS STOREY HAD PERISHED IN THE  
FATAL FIRE

**FIRE!**

MOTHER'S IN  
THE SHACK AND  
IT'S ON FIRE!

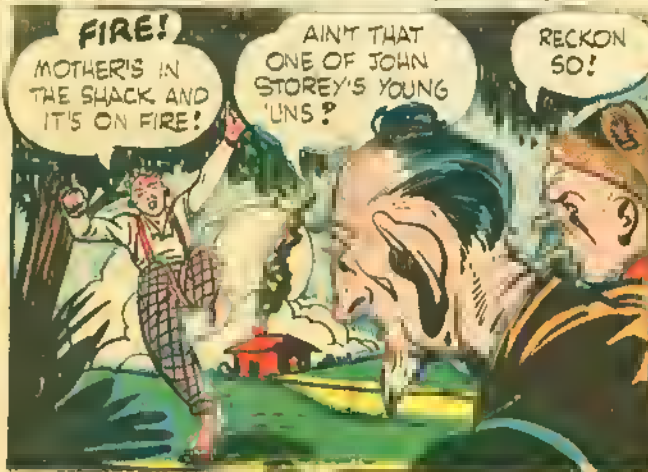
AIN'T THAT  
ONE OF JOHN  
STOREY'S YOUNG  
'UNS?

RECKON  
SO!

YOU SAY  
YOU WERE  
IN THE VICINITY  
AT THE TIME  
OF THE FIRE,  
MR STOREY?

YEAH! I'D BEEN  
DOWNTOWN AND WAS  
ON MY WAY HOME  
WHEN I SAW THE  
FLAMES COMING  
FROM THE SHACK  
... POOR MAM!

SOB!  
SOB!



CAN YOU GIVE ANY EXPLANATION WHY MRS. STOREY WAS IN THE SHACK AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

CAN'T RECOLLECT SHERIFF... UNLESS MAR GOT ANOTHER TOUCH OF ASTHMA!

YOU SEE, SHERIFF, A DRINK OF WINE HELPS TO EASE HER PAIN... WE KEEP THE WINE IN THE SHACK... RECKON SHE MUST OF GONE FOR SOME AND TIPPED THE LANTERN OVER!

THEN IN ALL PROBABILITY IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH I'M SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU WITH THESE QUESTIONS AT THIS TIME MR. STOREY!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT SHERIFF I UNDERSTAND THE POSITION YOU'RE IN!

AFTER FURTHER INVESTIGATION THE CASE WAS CLOSED... BUT DOUBT STILL RESTED IN SHERIFF WILLIAMS' MIND...

GORDON, I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT MRS. STOREY'S DEATH WAS "ACCIDENTAL"... DIG UP ALL THE FACTS ON STOREY'S LIFE AND REPORT THEM TO ME AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE!

I'LL DO MY BEST SHERIFF!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

SHERIFF WILLIAMS!.. I'VE FOUND SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION THAT MAY PROVE YOU'RE RIGHT!

WHAT!

WHEN THE STOREYS WERE LIVING IN GAINSVILLE TEXAS TWO YEARS AGO TWO OF THEIR SONS WERE KILLED STOREY HAD INSURANCE POLICIES ON THEM AND COLLECTED A LARGE SUM OF MONEY!

WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING HERE CONTACT THE GAINSVILLE POLICE AND HAVE THEM CHECK THOSE DEATHS, I'LL CHECK ON MRS. STOREY'S DEATH MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, AT STOREY'S HOUSE...

HEE HEE....  
THE INSURANCE  
CO. WAS VERY PROMPT  
IN THEIR PAYMENT  
THIS TIME...NOW I  
CAN BUY THAT LITTLE  
FARM I WAS LOOKING  
AT IN DEQUEEN  
ARKANSAS!



MAYBE I'LL FIND SOME OLD  
HAG THERE AND MARRY UP WITH HER  
TO TAKE CARE OF THE KIDS...  
AND...HEE...HEE...INSURE MYSELF  
FOR MY NEXT INCOME!



STOREY MOVED TO ARKANSAS  
AND WAS THERE BUT A FEW  
MONTHS WHEN HE MET THE  
WIDOW, EMMA CHAPMAN...

I LOVE  
YOU EMMA!  
WILL YOU  
MARRY ME?

I WAS  
HOPING YOU  
WOULD ASK  
ME, JOHN!



AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED

I NOW  
PRONOUNCE YOU  
MAN AND WIFE!



THE MONTHS PASSED AND  
THINGS BEGAN TO LOOK GOOD  
FOR THE STOREY FAMILY UNTIL...

GUESS I'VE BEEN  
A BIT CARELESS WITH  
THAT INSURANCE MONEY...  
PRETTY NEAR ALL GONE...  
I'D BETTER DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT THIS  
NIGHTY QUICK!



PRETTY GOOD  
DAY TO BAG  
RABBITS, WANT  
TO COME ALONG,  
JOE?

SURE POP,  
WAIT TILL I GET  
MY GUN!



LET'S HOLD  
UP A BIT SON,  
I'M PRETTY  
TIRED!

O.K. POP...  
GOSH ONLY ONE  
RABBIT AND WE'VE  
BEEN OUT MORE'N  
TWO HOURS!





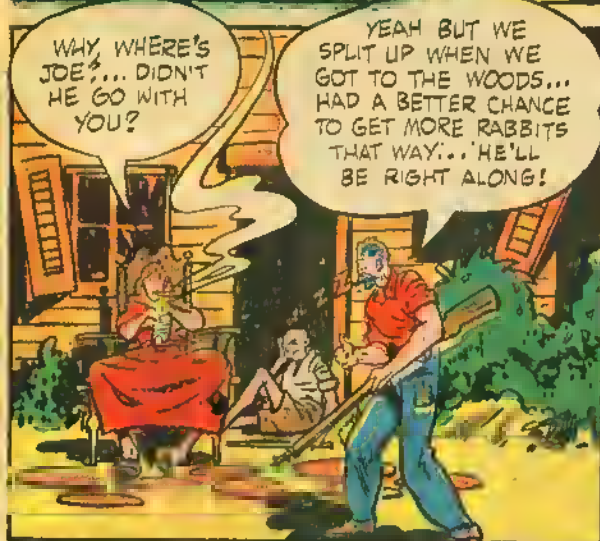
I HATE TO DO THIS SON... BUT...

POP! DON'T!

BANG



RIGHT IN THE HEART... ANYWAY HE DIDN'T FEEL NO PAIN!



WAY WHERE'S JOE?... DIDN'T HE GO WITH YOU?

YEAH BUT WE SPLIT UP WHEN WE GOT TO THE WOODS... HAD A BETTER CHANCE TO GET MORE RABBITS THAT WAY... HE'LL BE RIGHT ALONG!



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT...

JOHN, I'M WORRIED AS I CAN BE ABOUT JOE!

DON'T WORRY, EMMA, JOE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF... IF HE'S NOT HERE BY MORNING I'LL GET THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN TO HUNT HIM UP!



WHEN MORNING CAME, JOE WASN'T TO BE FOUND, SO...

WELL, THIS IS WHERE WE SPLIT UP SHERIFF, AND I DON'T THINK HE WOULD HAVE GONE VERY FAR!



ALLRIGHT MEN, BE SURE TO COVER EVERY INCH OF GROUND FIRST ONE THAT FINDS HIM, FIRE A SHOT!



IT WAS NOT UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON THAT JOE'S DEAD BODY WAS FOUND...

MUST HAVE STUMBLED AND SHOT HIMSELF... I ALWAYS TOLD HIM TO BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN...

I'M MIGHTY SORRY STOREY!



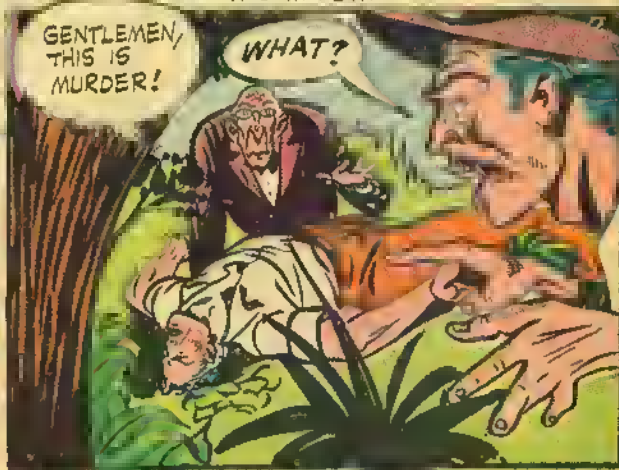
SOMEONE GO  
BACK TO TOWN AND  
GET THE CORONER  
HE'D BETTER LOOK  
AT THE BODY BEFORE  
WE MOVE IT!



WHEN THE CORONER ARRIVED A STARTLING DISCOVERY  
WAS MADE...

GENTLEMEN,  
THIS IS  
MURDER!

WHAT?



YOU SEE,  
GENTLEMEN THE  
PATH OF THE BULLET  
ENTERED THE BODY ON  
THE DOWNGRADE... THIS  
MAKES SUICIDE AND  
ACCIDENTAL DEATH  
QUITE IMPOSSIBLE  
ESPECIALLY WHERE  
THERE ARE NO POWDER  
BURNS ON THE BODY!



AFTER STOREY WAS SEVERELY  
QUESTIONED, HIS ALIBI HELD  
AND THE CASE WAS CLOSED  
AS 'UNSOLVED' HOWEVER  
IN DURANT OKLAHOMA...

SHERIFF  
TAYLOR, DO  
YOU REMEMBER  
THAT STOREY CASE  
SHERIFF WILLIAMS  
AND I WERE TALK-  
ING TO YOU  
ABOUT?

YES,  
I DO GORDON,  
THEY MOVED  
TO ARKANSAS  
I BELIEVE!



THAT'S RIGHT  
SHERIFF, AND  
I'VE JUST BEEN  
READING THE  
PAPER AND  
ANOTHER SON  
HAS JUST  
BEEN KILLED..  
THE CASE  
WAS CLOSED  
AS UNSOLVED!

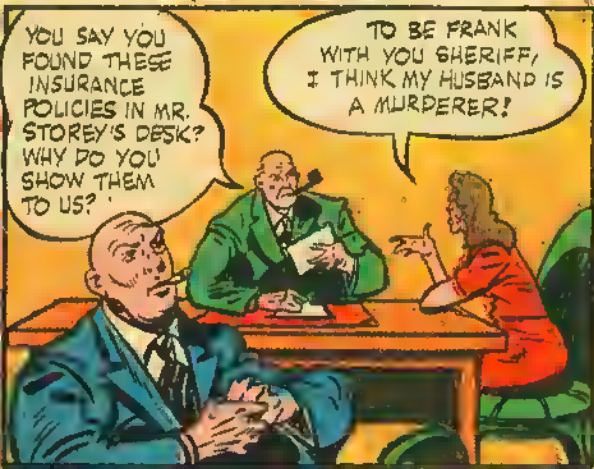
H-M-M  
IT'S MIGHTY  
PECULIAR  
THAT DEATH  
SHOULD STRIKE  
SO MANY  
TIMES IN ONE  
FAMILY...  
I THINK WE'D  
BETTER  
LOOK INTO  
THIS GORDON!



SHERIFF WILLIAM'S PREDECESSOR LOST NO TIME  
AND BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING HE WAS IN  
DEQUEEN, ARKANSAS...

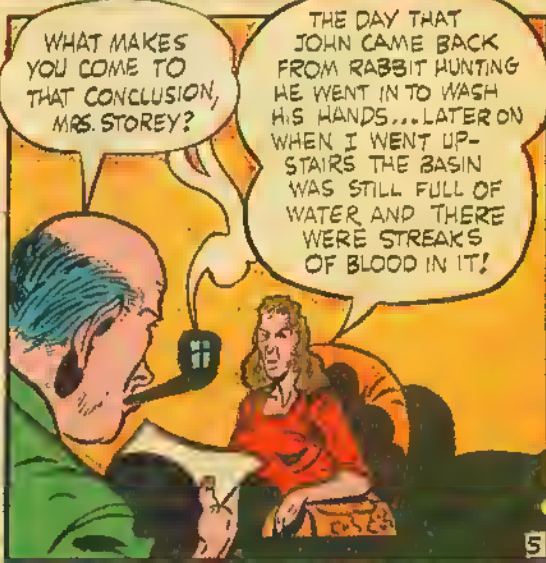
YOU SAY YOU  
FOUND THESE  
INSURANCE  
POLICIES IN MR.  
STOREY'S DESK?  
WHY DO YOU  
SHOW THEM  
TO US?

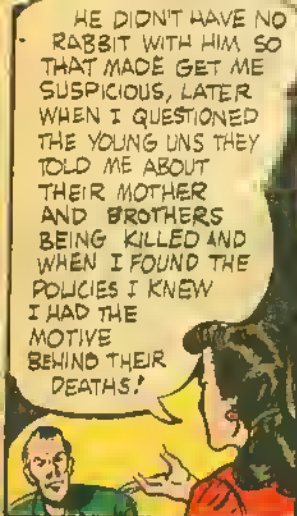
TO BE FRANK  
WITH YOU SHERIFF,  
I THINK MY HUSBAND IS  
A MURDERER!



WHAT MAKES  
YOU COME TO  
THAT CONCLUSION,  
MRS. STOREY?

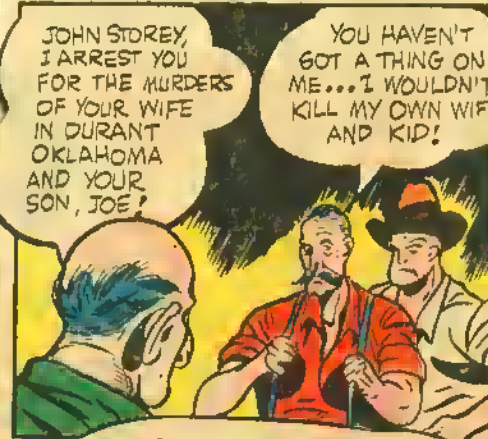
THE DAY THAT  
JOHN CAME BACK  
FROM RABBIT HUNTING  
HE WENT IN TO WASH  
HIS HANDS... LATER ON  
WHEN I WENT UP-  
STAIRS THE BASIN  
WAS STILL FULL OF  
WATER AND THERE  
WERE STREAKS  
OF BLOOD IN IT!





HE DIDN'T HAVE NO RABBIT WITH HIM SO THAT MADE GET ME SUSPICIOUS, LATER WHEN I QUESTIONED THE YOUNG UNS THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THEIR MOTHER AND BROTHERS BEING KILLED AND WHEN I FOUND THE POLICIES I KNEW I HAD THE MOTIVE BEHIND THEIR DEATHS?

SHERIFF TAYLOR BEING CONVINCED OF STOREY'S GUILT ARRESTED HIM ON AN OPEN CHARGE OF MURDER...



JOHN STOREY, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDERS OF YOUR WIFE IN DURANT OKLAHOMA AND YOUR SON, JOE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON ME...I WOULDN'T KILL MY OWN WIFE AND KID!

HOUR AFTER HOUR DAY AFTER DAY THEY GRILLED STOREY..



YOU KILLED YOUR WIFE! YOU MURDERED YOUR SON! ADMIT IT STOREY! YOU KILLED THEM!

NO NO NO NO!

FINALLY AFTER EIGHT DAYS OF GRILLING...



ALLRIGHT! I DID IT I CONFESS STOP GRILLING ME WILL YAH!



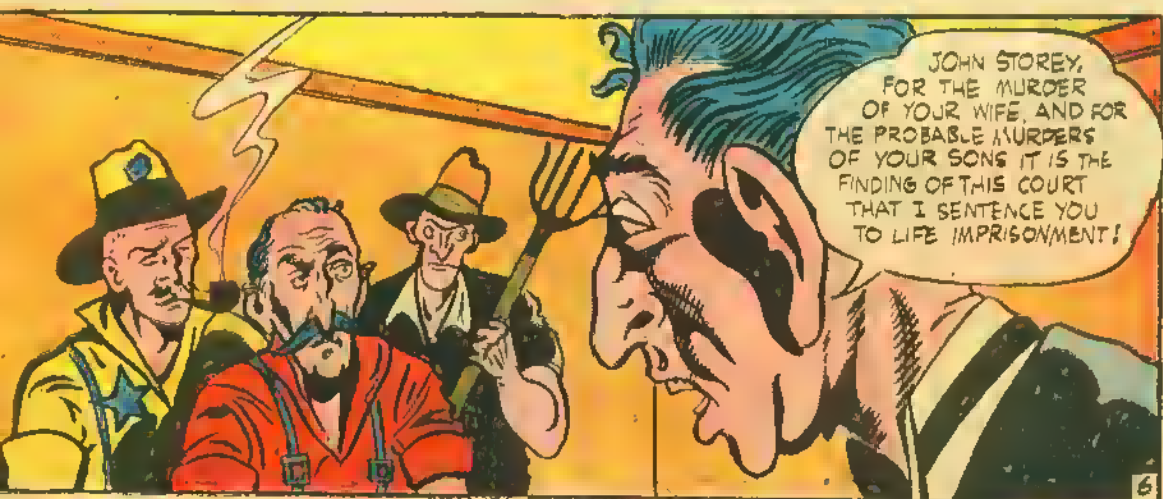
I KILLED MY WIFE... SHE WENT OUT TO THE SHACK AND I FOLLOWED HER WHEN SHE KNEELED DOWN I HIT HER ON THE HEAD WITH THE LANTERN... THEN I SET THE PLACE ON FIRE...

AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR OTHER SONS?



THAT'S ALL I'M CONFESSIN' TO SEE! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' ME TALK NO MORE!

WHEN THE POLICE CHECKED THE INSURANCE CO. IT WAS FOUND THAT STOREY HAD COLLECTED MORE THAN \$4,000. DOLLARS FROM THE DEATHS IN HIS FAMILY... HIS WAS A LIFE OF CRIME THAT SHOCKED EVEN HARDENED OFFICERS OF THE LAW AND THE STEEL ARM OF JUSTICE FELL SWIFTLY...



JOHN STOREY, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE, AND FOR THE PROBABLE MURDERS OF YOUR SONS IT IS THE FINDING OF THIS COURT THAT I SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!



# THE WOULD BE PERFECT *Crime*

A TRUE CRIME STORY BY DICK WOOD... DRAWN BY R.W. HALL



THUS IT WAS THAT AS GEORGE AOAMS GLOATED... THE ASSAY OFFICIALS WORRIED...

GOOD GRIEF!...  
WE'RE ALMOST  
\$100,000 SHORT  
IN OUR GOLD  
DUST...

IT'S VERY  
PUZZLING... WE  
WATCH EVERYONE  
CLOSELY, YET  
SOMEONE MUST  
BE DOING IT...

GOLD  
DUST

GOLD  
DUST

\$

GOLD  
DUST

BY THUNDER I'LL  
GET TO THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS THING... IF IT KILLS  
ME...

THUD

And so that day when GEORGE AOAMS came to work...

GOOD MORNING  
...AH... YOU  
LOVELY THING!

HELLO  
MR.  
ADAMS!

GOODNESS THAT MR  
ADAMS IS AN AWFUL SPORT  
... I DON'T KNOW HOW HE  
DOES IT ON HIS SALARY  
HERE... THEY SAY HE HAS A  
NEW CAR, TOO!

WELL, WELL, WELL...  
ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL  
WORKING DAY... TA.  
DE DUM...

HUMPH... WHAT'S  
BEAUTIFUL ABOUT  
WORKING HERE  
ALL DAY... YOU  
MUST BE NUTS!!

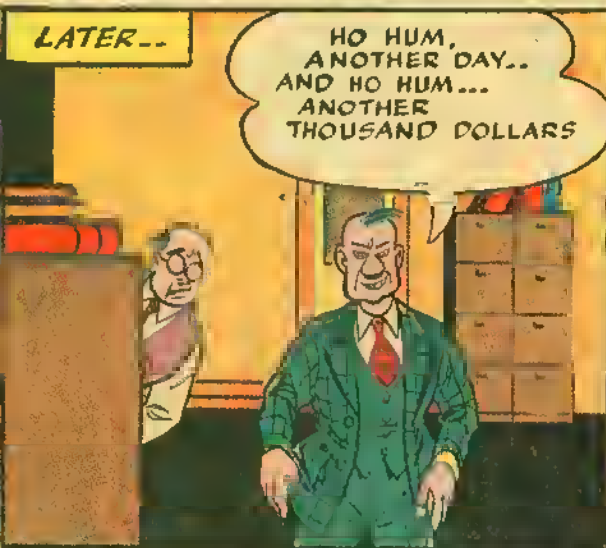
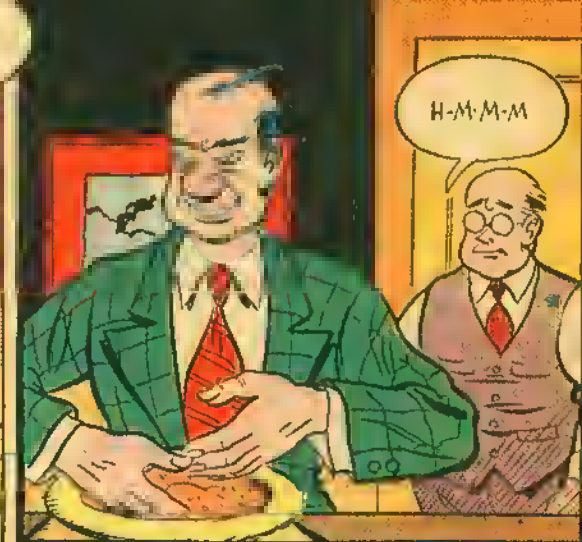
THE FOOL...  
IF HE ONLY  
KNEW... OH  
WELL... IT'S  
ALL HOW YOU  
LOOK AT IT!

MEANWHILE—

THERE'S A  
LEAK SOMEWHERE  
...LET'S SEE NOW..

GOLD  
DUST





# The SINGING SLAYER

ALMANDEL

DA-DE-DA-DEE  
DA-TE-TUM-DE-DA!

OH.. MERCY  
MERCY!

IMPOSSIBLE YOU SAY!  
A MAN COULD NOT  
SING WHILE HE COMMITS  
MURDER? DANA DODRILL  
DID IN WEBSTER COUNTY  
WEST VIRGINIA ... 1993

DANA WAS A HILL-BILLY CROONER.. AND RATHER GOOD TOO

GREETINGS FOLKS... HERE  
I IS AGAIN... ALREADY  
TO GIVE YOU SUNSHINE  
AND MUSIC...

OH DANA!

WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
YOU!

NEVER MIND FLIRTING  
WITH THE GUESTS...  
GET UP THERE AND  
DO YOUR STUFF.. THAT'S  
WHAT I'M PAYING YOU  
FOR!

CALM DOWN  
GUY... FOR  
THE CASH  
YOU HAND  
OUT YOU'RE  
LUCKY TO  
GET ANYTHING



BUT LIKE MOST HILL-BILLY SINGERS AT THAT TIME, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY SO....

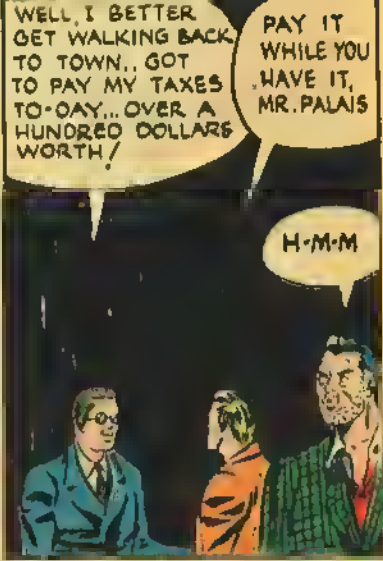


LISTEN, DANA, YOU'VE OWED ME TWENTY DOLLARS FOR MONTHS HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE-SURE I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB COMING UP SOON.. GIVE IT TO YOU IN A DAY OR SO!



BAH, WHAT A BUSINESS... I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH TO EAT RIGHT, LET ALONE PAY GEORGE BACK HIS TWENTY!



WELL, I BETTER GET WALKING BACK TO TOWN.. GOT TO PAY MY TAXES TO-OAY... OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH!

PAY IT WHILE YOU HAVE IT, MR. PALAIS

H-M-M



JUST STEP INSIDE MY AUTO SIR AND I WILL DRIVE YOU HOME IT'S A LONG ONE WAY TO BERGOTOWN TOO FAR FOR YOU TO ROAM

EH.. WHAT'S THAT.. OH YOU WANT TO GIVE ME A LIFT!



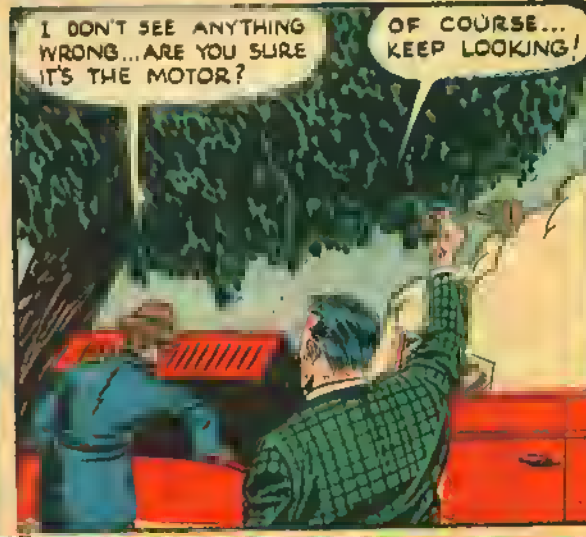
HA, HA, HA, THAT'S A CUTE WAY OF OFFERING A RIDE.. YOU'RE A SONGSTER, ALRIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT... HAPPY DANA, THAT'S ME... SINGING DAY AND NIGHT!



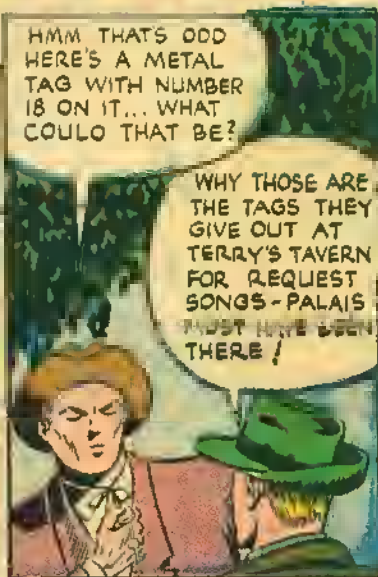
WHY ARE YOU STOPPING HERE?

LITTLE MOTOR TROUBLE MISTER STEP OUT AND GIVE ME A HAND WILL YA?



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONGS...ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE MOTOR?

OF COURSE... KEEP LOOKING!







YOU FIEND, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, I'LL . I'LL ....

SCREAMING WOMEN ANNOY ME!



♪ YOU MADE ME DO IT  
I DIDN'T WANT TO  
♪ DO IT... ♪  
NOW KEEP QUIET!

WHEN THE TERRIFIED COUPLE HAD TOLD THEIR STORY THE SHERIFF LOST NO TIME IN REACHING TERRY'S TAVERN

A SINGING THIEF... THAT FITS IN WITH THE SONG REQUEST TAG WE FOUND ON PALAIS... THE KILLER MUST BE ONE OF THE CROONERS!

HE MUST BE NUTS!



YEAH, THAT'S ONE OF THEM... BUT HE WON'T DO NO HARM!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT



LAST TUESDAY NIGHT, DID YOU SEE THAT FELLOW LEAVE WITH PALAIS?

WHY NO... BUT A FELLOW NAMED DANA WHO SINGS SOMETIMES LEFT SHORTLY AFTER PALAIS THEN CAME BACK LATER.



SURE, THAT COMES FROM HERE... THEY'RE DRAWN FROM HATS AND THE ONE WHOSE NUMBER IS UP GETS HIS SONG SONG!

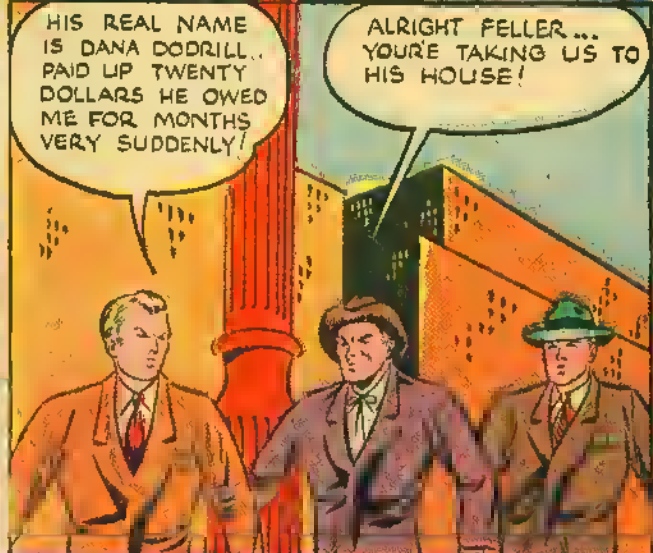
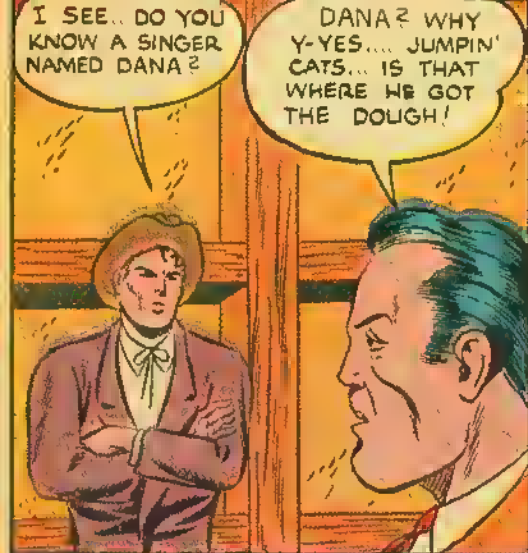
I SEE... IS THAT YOUR SINGER OVER THERE?



LAST NIGHT A COUPLE WAS ROBBED... THE WOMAN BADLY BEATEN, THE THIEF RESEMBLED YOU... HE'S A KILLER TOO

ME? WHY I WAS HERE ALL NIGHT!







BUT THE ODDS WERE AGAINST THE SINGER....  
HE SOON BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED

STOP, STOP.. DON'T  
ASK ME ANY MORE  
QUESTIONS... I ADMIT  
IT... I KILLED THE  
OLD GUY!

AS IF WE DIDN'T  
KNOW... ALRIGHT  
MEN... TAKE HIM  
OUT!

WELL, I GUESS  
DODRILL WON'T  
BE SINGING  
FOR A WHILE!

RECKON  
NOT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME ASTONISHED  
SIR, DON'T LOOK AT ME AND  
FROWN.. I AM THE ONE WHO  
KILLED A MAN JUST SEVEN  
MILES FROM TOWN..

WHAT'S THAT?

YES, NOW THE LAW HAS GOT ME ??  
FOR A CRIME I'LL HAVE TO PAY  
THEY'LL HANG ME FROM A SCAFFOLD  
THE 20<sup>th</sup> DAY OF MAY ??

SUFFERIN'  
HANNAH!

HE MUST  
BE DIPPY!

BUT DOCTORS DECIDED DODRILL SANE AND HE  
WAS SENTENCED TO.....

AND YOU WILL BE  
HUNG BY THE NECK  
UNTIL DEAD!

OH-H

THE GOVERNOR HOWEVER, CONVINCED OF DANA  
DODRILL'S LOW MENTALITY CHANGED THE  
VERDICT

NO ONE OF NORMAL  
INTELLIGENCE COULD  
WRITE SUCH FANTASTIC  
VERSE... I'LL COMMUTE  
HIS SENTENCE TO  
LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

YES SIR!

# Who Dunnit?

FROM THE  
CRIME  
NOTEBOOK  
of  
DICK  
BRIFER





THE WHOLE TOP OF THE HOUSE WAS BLOWN OFF.

AT LEAST WE'VE GOT THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.



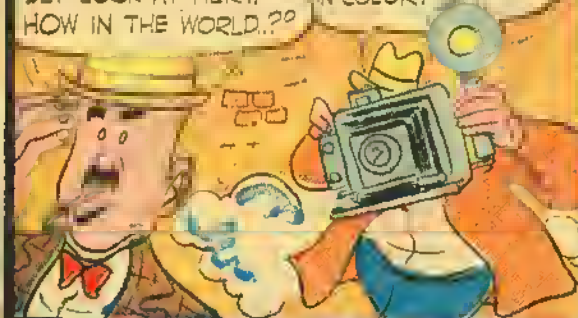
THE CELLAR'S INTACT. LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF LABORATORY.

GOOD GRIEF! LOOK!



LOLA HART! THERE SHE IS -- ALIVE -- BUT LOOK AT HER!! HOW IN THE WORLD??

LET ME GET A PICTURE OF THAT-- IN COLOR!

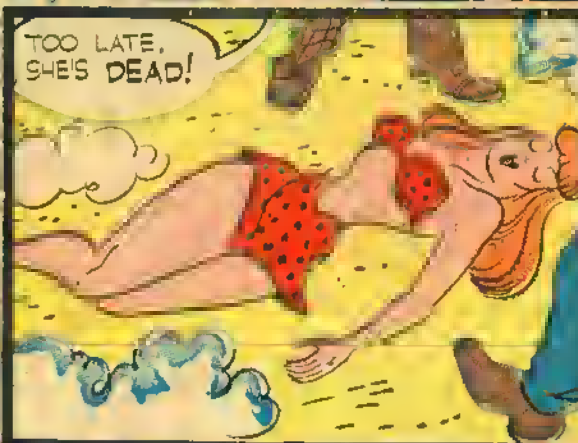


HURRY UP AND BREAK IT! SHE'S SUFFOCATING!!

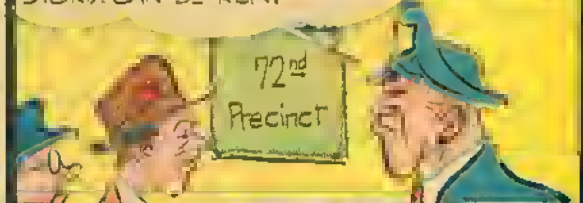
CAN'T BE TOO ROUGH. GOTTA TAKE IT EASY.



TOO LATE. SHE'S DEAD!



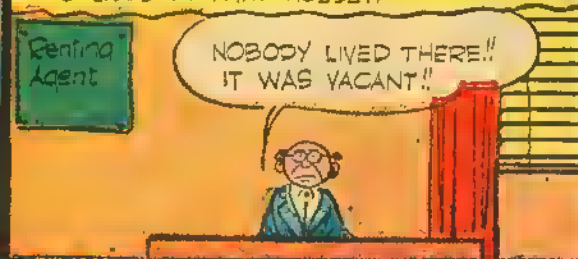
NOW BOYS--THIS IS AN ASTOUNDING CASE. LOLA HART WAS THE VICTIM OF A CRAZED FIEND, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM--OR HER. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BREAK THE STORY IN THE NEWSPAPERS YET. IT'LL LET THE FIEND GET AWAY. AFTER WE FIND HIM, I'LL RETURN THIS PHOTOGRAPH AND THE STORY CAN BE RUN.



FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE. LOLA HART DIED IN THE BURNED HOUSE YOU'RE TO FIND OUT WHO DUNNIT. FIRST, YOU MUST LEARN WHO LIVED IN THAT HOUSE.:

Renting Agent

NOBODY LIVED THERE!! IT WAS VACANT!!



CRYSTAL GLASS CO.

PERHAPS I CAN HELP. I HAD TO FILL AN ORDER FOR A CERTAIN TYPE OF GLASS, TO BE DELIVERED TO THAT HOUSE.

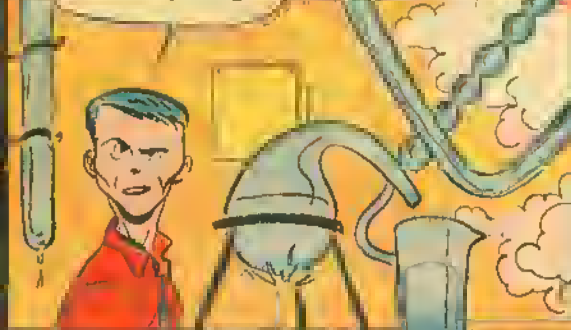
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNOCCUPIED, AND MY ORDERS WERE TO PUT THE STUFF IN THE CELLAR. I DID.



WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO SOME OF MY CUSTOMERS ARE? THERE ARE SEVERAL SODA BOTTLING COMPANIES, AND THREE PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS - WALLY HUGHES, RITA ROLLINS, AND PAUL MORGAN.



WHAT IS MY BUSINESS? I'M A CHEMIST, AND THE WORK I DO IS A SECRET EVEN TO YOU.



LOLA HART? WHAT ABOUT HER? SURE, I KNEW HER! I HATED HER ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL HER! SHE WAS THE CAUSE OF MY DIVORCE FROM MY DEAR WIFE WHOM I LOVED - AND MY TWO KIDS! SHE WAS A NO GOOD LITTLE RAT!

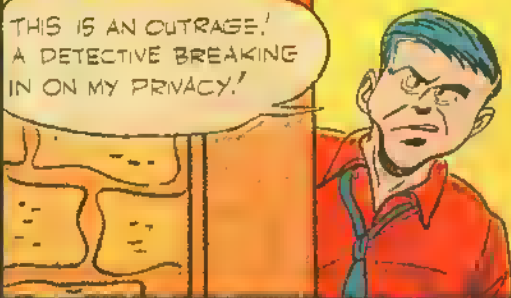


I DON'T KNOW WHAT A NICE DETECTIVE WOULD WANT FROM ME, BUT LET'S HAVE A COOL DRINK BEFORE WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.



SO YOU CALL ON THESE THREE PEOPLE. FIRST, WALLY HUGHES.

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! A DETECTIVE BREAKING IN ON MY PRIVACY!



WHY DO I ORDER GLASS FROM THE CRYSTAL GLASS CO? YOU'RE A NOSEY GUY. WELL, THE GLASS BEAKERS AND TUBES I USE OFTEN BREAK AND EXPLODE, SO I FOUND IT BEST THAT I MAKE THEM MYSELF.



SO YOU MAKE SOME NOTES: CHEMIST-GLASS EXPLODES - THE HOUSE LOLA HART DIED IN EXPLODED - HUGHES HATED LOLA ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL HER YOU GO AHEAD AND CALL ON RITA ROLLINS.



A DETECTIVE  
OH - I LOVE  
DETECTIVES!  
COME ON IN,  
HANDSOME.



LET ME SHOW YOU MY HOBBY. OH, IT IS SO DELIGHTFUL! IT RELAXES ME SO--AND WHAT A SATISFACTION TO SEE THE RESULTS!

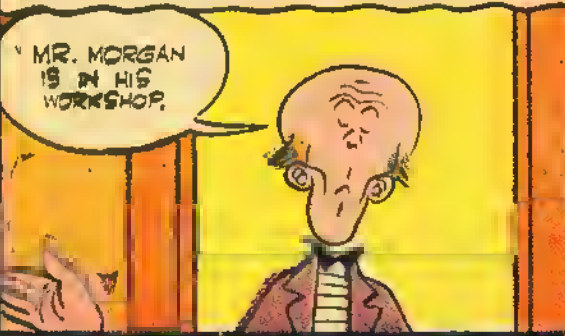


ALL MADE BY ME. PRETTY BITS OF GLASS, AREN'T THEY? I BLEW AND SHAPED THEM ALL MYSELF. THEY'RE SO FRAGILE--LIKE LITTLE KITTENS--OR LOVERS' HEARTS.



SO YOU MAKE MORE NOTES--ANOTHER PERSON WHO WOULD HAVE--COULD HAVE--KILLED LOLA HART. NOW YOU GO TO MORGAN'S HOME.

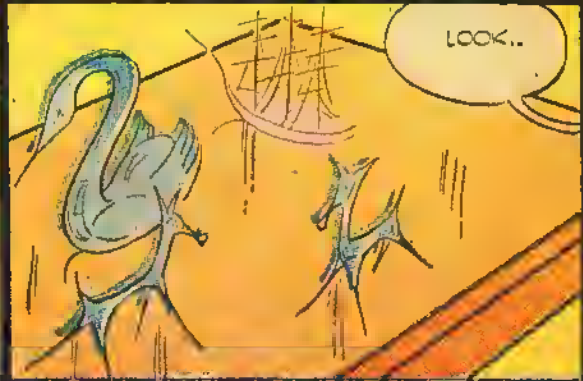
MR. MORGAN IS IN HIS WORKSHOP.



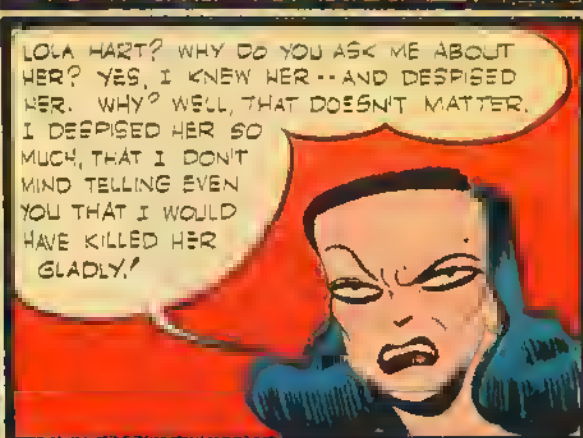
I BUILD SHIP MODELS IN BOTTLES. I EVEN MAKE MY OWN BOTTLES.



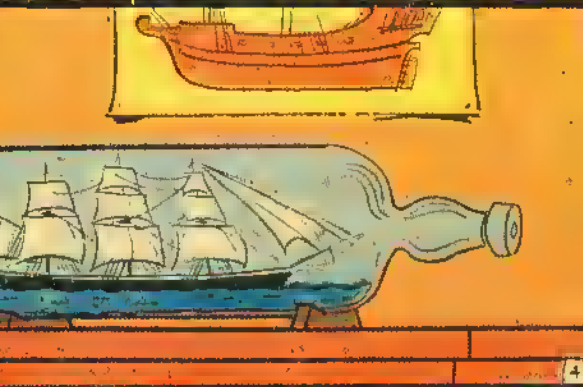
LOOK..

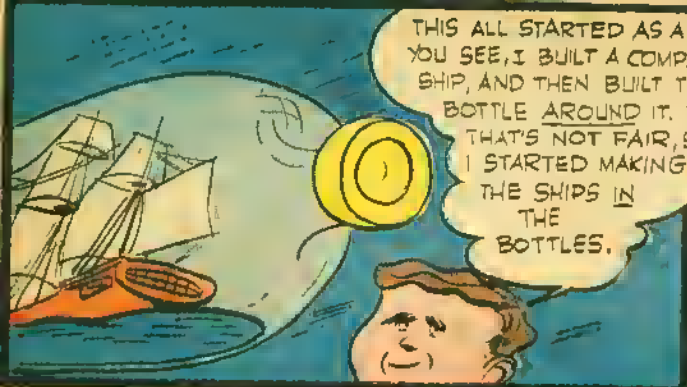


LOLA HART? WHY DO YOU ASK ME ABOUT HER? YES, I KNEW HER--AND DESPISED HER. WHY? WELL, THAT DOESN'T MATTER. I DESPISED HER SO MUCH, THAT I DON'T MIND TELLING EVEN YOU THAT I WOULD HAVE KILLED HER GLADLY!



COME IN--COME IN! EVERYBODY IS WELCOME HERE! I'M GLAD TO HAVE PEOPLE SEE MY WORK.





THIS ALL STARTED AS A GAG. YOU SEE, I BUILT A COMPLICATED SHIP, AND THEN BUILT THE BOTTLE AROUND IT. BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR, SO I STARTED MAKING THE SHIPS IN THE BOTTLES.

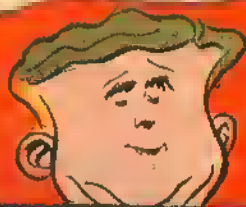
LET ME SHOW YOU AN INTERESTING NOVELTY.



NO, THE BOTTLE WASN'T PUT AROUND THE TORTOISE. A LONG TIME AGO SOMEONE PUT A TINY BABY TORTOISE IN THIS BOTTLE AND MANAGED TO KEEP IT ALIVE. NOW IT IS A FULL GROWN ANIMAL -- POOR CREATURE.



LOLA HART? DID THEY FIND HER YET? I'M MILDLY INTERESTED BECAUSE IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO THAT I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME! /SNT THAT A JOKE? A GORGEOUS GIRL LIKE THAT MARRYING AN OLD GEEZER LIKE ME!!! SHE REFUSED, OF COURSE.



So- YOU'VE SEEN YOUR THREE SUSPECTS, ALL ASSOCIATED WITH GLASS. ALL KNEW THE DEAD VICTIM. WHICH ONE RECEIVED THE GLASS SHIPMENT AT THE MYSTERY HOUSE?? MORE IMPORTANT IS

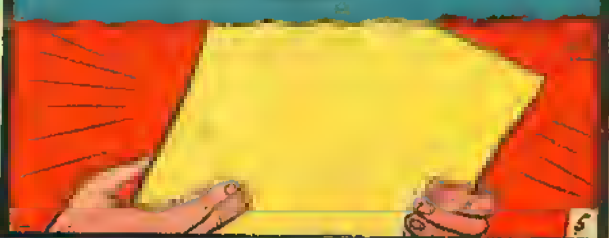
## WHO DUNNIT?

LOOK, CHUM -- HERE'S A HINT. GO AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF LOLA HART IN THE POLICE FILES.

THE PHOTOGRAPH? SURE, YOU CAN LOOK AT IT. WE'RE WORKING ON THE CASE, Y'KNOW.

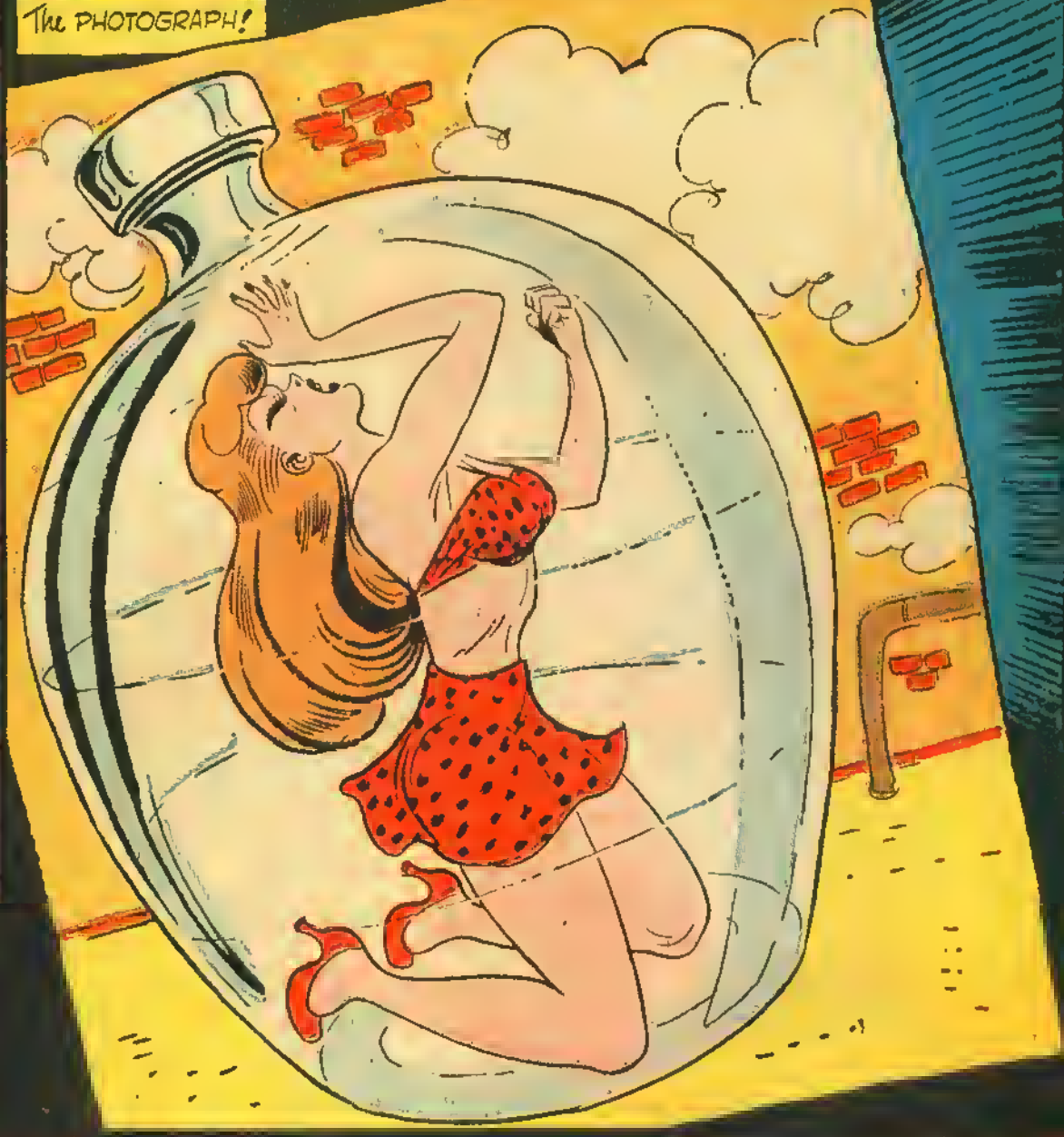


THE POLICE WORKING ON THE CASE? WHY -- HERE, WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE, AND THIS PHOTOGRAPH, IF YOU DON'T KNOW FOR SURE WHO DUNNIT, YOU'D BETTER TURN IN YOUR BADGE.





The PHOTOGRAPH!



WELL, Y'GOT ME, Y'SNEAKIN' DETECTIVE. ME LIKE A DOPE SHOWIN' Y' MY SHIPS IN BOTTLES! YES, I KIDNAPPED LOLA, BROUGHT HER TO THAT HOUSE AND BUILT THE BIG BOTTLE AROUND HER. WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT THAT WAS " THEN, WHEN I GOT TIRED OF THAT, I BLEW UP THE HOUSE AND BEAT IT. I GUESS THE FIREMEN GOT THERE TOO SOON, FOR I EXPECTED THE FIRE TO REACH THE CELLAR, THEN LOLA WOULD ROAST, THE BOTTLE WOULD BREAK AND MELT, AND I'D BE IN THE CLEAR. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK THIS TIME.

O.K. I'LL COME ALONG.

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J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

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**I Train Beginners at Home  
for Good Spare Time  
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The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that help show how to make **EXTRA money** fixing Radios in spare time while still learning.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



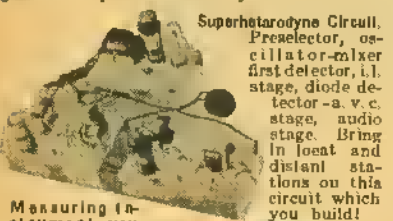
Fixing Radios pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.

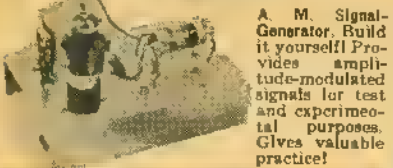
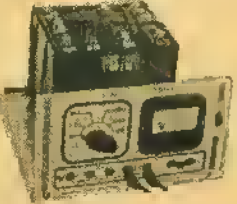
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**I Trained These Men**

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